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The Nation.

March 23, 1985 $1.25; U.K. 65p

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EDITORIAL

GIVE THE NEW MAN A CHANCE

It comes as no surprise that anti-Soviet hard-liners are saying the advent of Mikhail Gorbachev as the Soviet General Secretary will make little difference to the West or to the Soviet people. A central premise of anti-Communist doctrine is that the Soviet system is irredeemable, that any hope of change from within is illusory. Thus, Zbigniew Brzezinski, among others, warns that while Gorbachev presents a more youthful political style, he is as dangerous as his predecessors.

Yet history teaches that leadership changes in the Soviet Union have resulted in far-reaching policy changes. Moreover, in recent years there have been persistent signs of ferment in the Soviet establishment—a growing struggle between reformers and conservatives, particularly over economic policy. There are also indications that Gorbachev supports two of the reformers' major proposals: partial decentralization of the economy and a degree of private enterprise.

Assuming Gorbachev does share the reformers' domestic agenda, he will face powerful opposition if he tries to implement it immediately. He must consolidate his power first, a process that will take several years. But that is no reason for U.S. leaders to ignore the possibility of fundamental alterations in Soviet Communism. Indeed, domestic reforms would require cutting military expenditures and thus could usher in better relations with the United States.

President Reagan should give both Soviet reform and détente a chance and meet with the new Soviet leader soon. After all, when Khrushchev came to power, in 1953, who foresaw that the Soviet Union would withdraw from Austria, that the cold war would be mellowed by the "spirit of Camp David" and that the Soviet leadership would embark on a program of de-Stalinization at home?

GORBACHEV & THE ECONOMY
Stephen F. Cohen

POLITBURO TO POLYPBURO
Alexander Cockburn

CALIFORNIA FARM WORKERS
Richard Steven Street

FIVE DAYS THAT SHOOK THE PARTY
Daniel Singer

SPRING POETRY SUPPLEMENT

STAGE SPIES
Paul Berman

CAP'S ANNUAL REPORT

BUILDING A FORTRESS AMERICA

MICHAEL T. KLARE

While President Reagan's costly Star Wars program has captured the attention of the press, as much as 80 percent of the proposed fiscal 1986 defense budget is slated for the nation's conventional forces. This buildup, which began after Reagan took office and which has been largely overlooked, is intended to expand America's capacity to intervene in conflicts in the Third World.

That is, perhaps, the most important lesson one draws from the Defense Department's annual report. These reports always make depressing reading. They are written in pure Pentagonese, the tone is unadulterated alarmism, and the message is invariably the need for more weapons of every kind. But this year's edition is unusually gloomy. It depicts a nation under siege by enemies at home and abroad. Only by closing ranks behind the President's "rearmament program," it says, can the United States hope to resist the onslaught.

The foremost threat continues to be the military power of the Soviet Union, but American interests are also challenged by "terrorism, the proliferation of arms, low-intensity conflicts [in the Third World], and widespread political and economic instabilities." There are internal menaces as well. The report repeatedly warns that critics in the United States endanger national security by questioning the validity of the Administration's defense policies. Citing recent Congressional initiatives to trim the Pentagon budget, it comments:

> There has been a loss of momentum in our efforts to achieve our national security goals, and

(*Continued on Page 337*)

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LETTERS.

SOME 'FACTICITY'

Berkeley, Calif.

Jon Wiener's "Footnotes to History" [Feb. 16] was a noteworthy addition to the academic Watergate defending David Abraham and his fraudulent book, *The Collapse of the Weimar Republic*. A bit of what Carl Schorske derides as "facticity" is in order.

First, the article by Ulrich Nocken that Timothy Tackett claims was rejected appeared in the December issue of the "reputable" West German *V.S.W.G.*, despite the immoral effort of Arno Mayer to prevent publication by a trans-Atlantic call to one of the editors. Second, when Lawrence Stone "disputes Feldman's claim that good historians do not make mistakes, especially in their archival research," he is disputing a claim I never made. Third, I began my attack against Abraham in November 1983 because he lied in the *American Historical Review* and because he sent around a twenty-two-page letter attacking Henry Turner Jr. which was filled with more lies and misinformation, not because he had "resolved" the dispute concerning his integrity "in his favor." Since I had recommended Abraham's book for publication, I had an obligation to withdraw my imprimatur and counter recommendations that covered up Abraham's malfeasance. Fourth, Wiener has taken totally out of context a sardonic remark in my article in which I "forgive" a mistake I made and thereby has demonstrated his lack of personal and scholarly integrity. Fifth, I have never accused Abraham of "forgery." I accuse him of fraudulent scholarship because he invents an exchange that never took place, presents summaries of documents as quotations, combines statements by persons who disagreed as single quotations in a manner designed to support his arguments, presents false statistics which, when corrected, undermine his arguments, and misrepresents the work of other scholars to support his position. I do not believe that such violations of the principles of trust on which scholarship is based can be done unconsciously and be defined as errors.

When Wiener claims I have "quietly" abandoned "several" of my "most serious" charges, he is lying. I have, in fact, added new ones. I never charged that Abraham had falsified his dedication page, and I made this absolutely clear to Wiener. Finally, I was as unconcerned by Abraham's "Marxism" when I recommended publication as I am now. The sinister charges against Turner and me prove that the right has no monopoly on McCarthyism. *Gerald Feldman*

FOR THE RECORD

New Haven, Conn.

It would be impossible to reply adequately in the limited space available here to the host of inaccuracies, misconstruals and innuendoes in Jon Wiener's article. I do not, however, want to let one particularly offensive insinuation stand uncorrected. Wiener writes:

> Abraham's critics have also said that his "misinformation" begins with the dedication to his book: "For my parents, who at Auschwitz and elsewhere suffered the worst consequences of what I can only write about." His detractors point out that his mother, although imprisoned at Auschwitz, survived, and thus did not experience "the worst consequences."

Since the only "critics" identified by Wiener are Gerald Feldman, Ulrich Nocken and I, readers are led to believe that we have made such allegations. For the record, I have never done so, nor, to my knowledge, have Feldman or Nocken. I hope this example reveals the methods employed by Wiener.

Henry Turner Jr.

WIENER REPLIES

New York City

Gerald Feldman's letter provides a perfect example of his conduct throughout this debate. He has pursued Abraham for more than a year with the same violent, extreme language that is present here. Arno Mayer is called "immoral"; I am called a liar who lacks "personal and scholarly integrity." What is at issue are conflicting positions and differences of interpretation. Feldman's invective is unprecedented in academic exchanges and places him beyond the bounds of scholarly discourse.

Feldman's charge that Mayer attempted to block publication of Nocken's attack on Abraham has never been made before. It's a serious one, and it's false. In February 1984, Feldman distributed Nocken's thirty-page manuscript, describing it as "forthcoming" in the West German journal *V.S.W.G.* Mayer, doubting that the journal would publish such a scurrilous review, called the book review editor there and asked whether Nocken's manuscript had indeed been accepted. He never suggested that the piece not be published. The editor told him he had not seen the manuscript and that what he had commissioned was the standard three-page review. In June the journal's editor in chief wrote Abraham that the Nocken manuscript "will not be printed or appear" as submitted and that it was "circulated without our permission and ahead of time." Feldman was thus wrong to describe the Nocken piece as "forthcoming."

The article the *V.S.W.G.* published in December is not the one Feldman distributed in February 1984. Several of Nocken's most serious criticisms have been eliminated, including his charges that "Abraham's errors have a systematic quality for the purpose of supporting his theses," that "the author breaks every rule for the proper handling of primary sources" and that in several cases he "seriously manipulated quotations."

In regard to his own mistakes in an exchange with Abraham in the journal *Central European History*, Feldman says that his statement forgiving himself was "sardonic." If it is a joke, it is hardly appropriate in the context of a campaign to destroy Abraham's career because of *his* mistakes.

Feldman does abandon several of his most serious charges in his *Central European History* rejoinder. He had accused Abraham of intentionally misinterpreting documents in a way that supported his position. Abraham's reply showed there was no pattern to his mistakes; some helped his case, some hurt it. In Feldman's rejoinder, he wrote of Abraham's making mistakes: "I have no idea if this is intentional in most instances or not"—a significant retreat. He had originally charged Abraham with "fraudulent scholarship"; Abraham showed he had made no attempt to mislead readers. In Feldman's rejoinder, he wrote, "Most of Abraham's mistakes reflect . . . indifference to precision and accuracy"—which of course is a much less serious offense than fraud.

Neither Henry Turner Jr. nor Feldman denies the truth of my statement that "Abraham's critics have said that his 'misinformation' begins with the dedication of his book" to his mother, an Auschwitz survivor. When I asked Feldman about it, he told me, "I have discussed this over the phone with people [but] I have not made this an issue in any formal way or in writing as far as I know." That's far from the "absolutely clear" denial he claims. . . .

Turner's letter contains the kind of spurious criticism and faulty logic that have typified his earlier attacks on scholars in his field—including Abraham. He points to what he claims is an error, asserts it is characteristic of the work as a whole and concludes that the work should therefore be rejected. He has done this to two other scholars before Abraham: Felix Hirsch, author of a biography of Gustav Streseman, the subject of Turner's first book; and Dirk Stegmann, a German neo-Marxist historian who wrote about industrialists and National Socialism under Weimar—the subject of Turner's recent book.

Feldman's letter and his treatment of David Abraham over the past year represent a departure not only from academic norms but also from his own previous standards. In 1980, he wrote to the *American Historical Review* about a reviewer who accused a young historian of gross incompetence and dishonesty. In that case, Feldman concluded by suggesting that "reviewers keep a tone of criticism that recognizes that a common scholarly effort unites them with the author." That's good advice for the Abraham case as well. *Jon Wiener*

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Manuscripts: All work submitted will be read by the editors. The magazine cannot, however, be responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts unless they are accompanied by self-addressed stamped envelopes.

Publisher, Hamilton Fish 3rd

Associate Publisher, David Parker; *Advertising Director,* Chris Calhoun; *Business Manager,* Ann B. Epstein; *Bookkeeper,* Ivor A. Richardson; *Art/Production Manager,* Jane Sharples; *Circulation Manager,* Stephen W. Soule; *Subscription Manager,* Cookee V. Klein; *Assistant Advertising Manager,* Neil Black; *Receptionist,* Greta Loell; *Mail Clerk,* John Holtz; *Administrative Secretary,* Shirley Sulat; *Production,* Terry Miller; *Typography,* David Acker, Mark Rausher; *Nation Associates,* Claudine Bacher; *Nation News Service,* Jeff Sorensen.

The Nation (ISSN 0027-8378) is published weekly (except for the first week in January, and biweekly in July and August) by Nation Enterprises and © 1985 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011. (212) 242-8400. *Washington Office*: Suite 308, 110 Maryland Avenue N.E., Washington DC 20002 (202) 546-2239. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. International Telex: 667 155 NATION.

Subscription orders, changes of address and all subscription inquiries should be sent to: *The Nation,* Subscription Services, Box 1953, Marion, OH 43305. *Regular Subscription Price:* One year, $40; two years, $72; six months, $20. Add $7 per year postage Canada, Mexico; $13 per year other foreign. Claims for missed issues must be made within 60 days (120 days, foreign) of publication date; back issues available $3 prepaid ($4 foreign). **Please allow 6-8 weeks for receipt of your first issue and for all subscription transactions.** *The Nation* is available on microfilm from: University Microfilms, 300 North Zeeb Rd., Ann Arbor, MI 48106.

EDITORIALS.

Labor Looks Ahead

The establishment of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. and the bureaucracy of the older national industries—so different in their original intentions and commitments—are now alike in many of the worst ways. Both are slow to adapt to changing conditions, out of touch with the people they are supposed to serve, wary of innovation and inflexible in management and ideology.

Big labor's interest in modernization had been virtually invisible until last month, when an A.F.L.-C.I.O. committee unburdened itself of a lengthy report setting out a spate of ideas for building sleek models of labor action to carry us into the twenty-first century. The document, "The Changing Situation of Workers and Their Unions," does not yet represent official A.F.L.-C.I.O. policy, and by itself it will not reverse labor's precipitous plunge. It does, however, represent a significant recognition of structural problems, and it points to important avenues for remedial efforts.

It suggests that the *definition* of unions be changed to include employee groups in workplaces without a certified bargaining unit and to encompass workers who move in and out of work sites. It tackles the hard issue of comparable worth. The successful strike by clerical workers at Yale University this winter showed that extensive support can be mobilized by such an issue, which grew out of the women's movement and community organizing drives of the last two decades. The committee's recommendations include models for

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legislation (with a glance toward Canada's pro-union laws, which encourage organizing), methods for surveying workers' sentiments and strategies for public relations activities. Most important, perhaps, the report concedes that unions must be accessible to members and not be run as closed clubs by an isolated elite.

But what's left out of the document may be more significant than what's included. In seeking alternatives to the "adversarial collective bargaining relationship," the committee seems to be investing heavily in the myth of the post-industrial social compact. "New ideas" can be used to dodge the persistent, nitty-gritty workplace conflicts between employees and employers. Fascination with technology and the unexamined acceptance of trendy solutions could depoliticize the labor struggle and subvert the movement even as it begins to move again.

Geneva 'Background'

The start of the U.S.-Soviet nuclear arms limitation talks in Geneva last week loosed a flood of non-news on the front pages and television screens of the world. The following account of press conditions during the prenegotiations this January between Secretary of State George Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko gives an idea of what conditions must be like at the current talks. —The Editors

Thumbtacked to a bulletin board at the United States Information Service (U.S.I.S.) press center at the Hotel Intercontinental Genève was this piece of information on the letterhead of the United States Mission:

> January 7, 1985
> ON BACKGROUND
> The morning session between Secretary of State Shultz and Soviet Foreign Minister Gromyko went about an hour longer than officially scheduled. The two sides agreed that the afternoon session would begin an hour later, at 3:30 P.M.

"On background" is Washington jargon for information given to reporters on the condition that they not reveal the name of the person who gave it to them. Why was the first piece of news the State Department released about the great undersummit classified in this way? Someone was either spoofing or toeing the line. I recalled that just before the U.S. delegation took off for Geneva, national security adviser Robert McFarlane conducted a "background briefing" at the White House. It had begun with this exchange between reporters and press secretary Larry Speakes:

Q.: Larry?

SPEAKES: Yes?

Q.: Can't you have the whole briefing on the record?

SPEAKES: No.

Q.: Larry, are you aware of the fact that the briefer's name has already been published as the person giving this briefing?

SPEAKES: I'm aware it's been published in *The New York Times* this morning, but I don't know whether that constitutes a license for anyone else. But you have to make your own moral judgments on this.

In the press center in Geneva there was no time for moral judgments. I read an urgent note chalked on a blackboard:

> AFTERNOON SESSION
> AT U.S. MISSION BEGAN
> AT 3:55 P.M. (1535)
> NO LATER
> 5:45 BUS TO U.S. MISSION
> 6:00 PHOTOGS ADMITTED
> 6:30 PHOTO OPS, RECEPTION

According to a clock on the wall above the Associated Press and Reuters tickers, it was 5:55. I had missed the bus. No matter. I couldn't have taken it anyway; nearly all the twenty-four members of the press pool the U.S.I.S. had chosen for what it called #7 EVENT (the reception at the U.S. Mission) were camera operators from the television networks. Two places each went to ABC, NBC, CBS and CNN. Swiss television, which broadcasts in three languages, got three. French and Italian television got two each. TASS was accorded two openings. Also aboard were still photographers—one British, one French, one West German, two American—and an "official photographer." The only print journalist on the list was Michael Myers of United Press International, the pool reporter.

Television lights suddenly bathed the press center. Barrie Dunsmore of ABC was interviewing Leslie Gelb of *The New York Times* and Gregory Nokes and Barry Schweid of the Associated Press. (Schweid had been the pool reporter for "#6 EVENT: Photo opportunity: Inside Coverage at Shultz-Gromyko Meeting Room, US Mission.") It soon became obvious that none of the reporters had any news, and I wondered if ABC would use Dunsmore's earlier tape in which he said, with a Churchillian intonation, "Never have so many [journalists] come so far for so little."

The next time I looked at the blackboard it had been updated to read: "STILL IN SESSION (6:24)." I resisted the temptation to interview other reporters on this new development, since I had already bothered Bernard Gwertzman of *The Times* and used up a roll of film on shots of Marvin Kalb quizzing John Chancellor. Just then an Australian correspondent asked if he could interview me. I escaped when another reporter asked me if the afternoon session had lasted as long as the opening session at the Soviet Mission. I said I didn't know (I still don't). A reporter asked a U.S.I.S. representative if there would be an official briefing at the end of the first day of this momentous meeting between the world's two most powerful nations. At 7:12 P.M. the answer materialized on the blackboard: "OFFICIAL: NO BRIEFING."

That intelligence was greeted by curses from the press, and some of us began hunting for copies of the one-page pool report Schweid had written about the opening of the afternoon session at the U.S. Mission. Here are selected excerpts:

> Cold and light snowfall as the Soviet motorcade arrived at 3:33 P.M. . . . The Soviets went directly to the conference

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> room and took seats along the window side. The blinds were drawn. . . . The Americans were seated along their side, facing the window. . . . The main point we'd like to make is that in the two-minute photo opportunity Gromyko and Shultz were exceptionally animated. . . . both men managed to be funny and quite animated.

That sounded more hopeful than Gwertzman's pool report on the morning meeting at the Soviet Mission: "The pool felt the atmosphere was unremarkable, free of tension or of joviality. One could call it flat or businesslike."

Myers, the pool man for #7 EVENT, returned, so I joined some forty reporters gathered around him. He held forth as follows:

> At 6:52 Shultz escorted Gromyko into the reception. . . . However, members of the [U.S.] delegation had been in the room since 6:20. . . . vodka, scotch, orange juice. . . . cold meat, snacks, six tables with white cloths. . . . a long rectangular room. . . . I take that back—at 6:24 Bud [McFarlane] opened the bar.

A reporter who arrived late asked Myers if vodka had been available. "He just said there was!" someone snarled.

Myers resumed. "Shultz said, 'We have this convention. He goes left and I go right.' "

Another reporter asked, "Who goes left?"

"Gromyko!" said Myers.

"Let's have this briefing in special English," someone joked. (The term is used to describe English-language newscasts read very slowly over Voice of America.)

Myers resumed his briefing:

> I asked a question and Gromyko said, "No interviews—no fair." . . . Twenty-five thirsty, hungry aides on both sides. . . . Everyone seemed stiff. . . . Nitze arrived at 6:56 with Hartman behind. They would not respond to questions. . . . standard reception room, wood-paneled, flag, Bush, Reagan, Shultz photos on wall, blond champagne-colored carpet. . . . I was in there four minutes. I'll put it down on paper.

Later, when we left the press center, I saw that the pool lists for Day Two's #8 EVENT and #9 EVENT had been posted. The "events" were essentially the same—the arrival of the Russians at the U.S. Mission in the afternoon. One list contained eighty-nine journalists—mostly Americans and Europeans—who would be allowed to stand outside in the cold and watch the diplomats enter. On the other list were twenty names, five of them Soviet journalists, who would be permitted inside for a "provisional photo opportunity." Don Oberdorfer of *The Washington Post* was the only U.S. reporter on the inside list.

Oberdorfer, Schweid and Myers had made up the print-press pool aboard Shultz's plane from Washington. Included in their report was a seating chart of the people on board. I noticed that the V.I.P.s in the U.S. delegation were seated on the right side of the plane, while "security, staff, and press" were on the left. Some colorful excerpts from the pool report:

> Shultz wore no tie, and donned a navy blue sweater bearing the seal of the State Dept. Burt—wore navy blue flight jacket, Adelman, smoked "sherlock"-style pipe. Many staffers read from thick briefing books (black or blue). Perle—wearing read [*sic*] sweater, sitting one row behind Burt in window seat. Burt was in aisle seat. Shultz, bantering with reporters, was asked if he would allow a press delegation into the talks. His answer: "With Senators, you have to tell them they can't see all the papers. With the press, you have to assume they already have them."

At midnight of Day Two in Geneva—prime time in America—Shultz met the press. He said he had talked to the Russians for fourteen hours, and they had agreed to hold future negotiations.

TOM PUGH

Tom Pugh is a visiting lecturer in journalism at the University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. He was for many years an editorial writer with the Journal Star, *in Peoria, Illinois.*

THE ARCHBISHOP COMES HOME

MANAGUA, Nicaragua—(Reuters) Archbishop John O'Connor yesterday criticized President Reagan's request for congressional blessings on aid to rebels fighting the left-wing Sandinista government.

"If the President is asking $14 million, he has not consulted me or the other bishops," said New York's archbishop, who is heading a delegation of U.S. priests visiting Nicaragua.

"The church does not approve that any government use money to assassinate women and children," he told reporters. —*The New York Post*, February 26

To a question asked at the news conference, "Did Reagan declare war against Nicaragua?"—a reference to the president's Feb. 21 news conference—Archbishop O'Connor replied, "I would be shocked" if that were Reagan's intention.

"That's the last thing we would want to see. The people of the United States love the people of Nicaragua. We're down here as friends," he said.

—*Catholic New York*, February 28

The archbishop . . . expressed regret that an off-hand remark he had made at the initial press conference in Managua had been misinterpreted by one wire-service reporter as a criticism of President Reagan. Asked about Reagan's call for assistance to the anti-government *contra* forces, the archbishop said jokingly that the president hadn't consulted him, then moved on to a full answer. . . .

Everyone else present clearly understood the initial comment to be facetious, the archbishop said. Further, he added, "I was resentful because it appeared to me to be an effort to put words in my mouth, or the mouth of the delegation. . . . We certainly would not use such an occasion to express approval or disapproval of an administration position."

—*Catholic New York*, March 7

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Ethics in the Meese Era

EDWARD SOREL

LISTEN, SON, IF YOU PLAN TO RUN FOR CONGRESS IN 1986 YOU'D BETTER START GETTING ORGANIZED.
I KNOW, DAD, BUT THE TRUTH IS I FEEL I'M NOT QUALIFIED!
NOT QUALIFIED?!! YOU'RE A CITIZEN AND OVER TWENTY-ONE.
OF COURSE, BUT...
YOU'VE NEVER BEEN DIVORCED OR INVOLVED IN A SCANDAL, HAVE YOU? YOU'VE NEVER BEEN IN TROUBLE WITH THE I.R.S., HAVE YOU?
NO, NEVER... BUT...
YOU'RE NOT AN ALCOHOLIC AND YOU DON'T PLAY AROUND WITH HOOKERS, DO YOU? YOU DON'T HAVE TIES TO THE MAFIA, DO YOU?
NO, BUT...
...THAT'S MY POINT... I'M JUST NOT QUALIFIED.
Edward Sorel

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SOVIETICUS.

STEPHEN F. COHEN

A major struggle over Soviet domestic policy will be greatly intensified by the choice of Mikhail Gorbachev, a considerably younger and more reform-minded leader, to succeed Konstantin Chernenko as General Secretary. The outcome will have ramifications far beyond Moscow.

With the conspicuous exception of the Soviet Union, market-oriented reforms are transforming the economic nature of Communism from East Berlin to Beijing. Haltingly in Eastern Europe and rapidly in China, the Stalinist model of almost total state control is giving way to more diversified and decentralized economies in which small private enterprises play a growing role. If the Soviet Union remains apart from this reformation, it will eventually become an anachronism in the Communist world it founded, surrounded again by social systems unlike its own.

That prospect is doubly ironic because the first Communist experiment in mixed economics occurred in the Soviet Union sixty years ago. In 1925, the leadership legislated policies almost identical to those now under way in China, encouraging private peasant farmers to "enrich" themselves, allowing artisans and urban merchants to flourish and subjecting state enterprises to market competition. Known as the New Economic Policy, or NEP, the experiment was abolished by Stalin in 1929 in favor of the monopolistic state system that became his institutional legacy and that only the Soviet Union seems unable to escape.

Not that reformers in the deeply conservative Soviet establishment haven't been trying. For more than twenty years, they have advocated a "second edition" of NEP, including a substantial role for private enterprise in the laggardly area of consumer goods and services and a partial decentralization of the inefficient state sector.

Despite having been politically defeated in the 1960s and all but silenced in the 1970s, reformers have staged a major comeback in recent years. Among other indications, they have regained access to official intellectual journals whose pages express behind-the-scenes political disputes more candidly than does the daily press. The result has been an outburst of controversy over economic policy.

Last April, the journal *Problems of History* featured two extraordinary calls for reform. One was an unprecedented editorial lauding the party's policies of 1953-64, the period of Khrushchev's far-reaching reforms, still anathematized by conservative officials. The other was an article on Lenin's introduction of NEP in 1921, by a leading advocate of market Communism. It argued that political crises in Communist countries, from Soviet Russia in 1921 to Poland today, are not caused by internal and foreign enemies, as conservatives allege, but by overly bureaucratized economic systems which fail to meet consumer needs. Its message was that the unreformed Soviet economy could generate a Poland-style crisis and that a new NEP is the only solution.

Conservative reaction was predictably intolerant. *Kommunist*, the journal of the party apparatus, charged *Problems of History* and *Problems of Philosophy*, which had published similar articles, with "violating" Marxism-Leninism. Late last year, both admitted their "errors," but not in a way that suggested contrition or conclusive defeat. Moreover, in January, the philosophy journal retorted by editorializing against "dogmatic ideas," and included protective quotations from Gorbachev, whom reformers fervently hoped would be the next Soviet leader.

The journal war signifies that the question of fundamental economic reform has been reopened at high political levels. Given the country's serious problems of shortages and lagging productivity, and its leadership changes, that development is not surprising. But powerful conservative forces remain implacably opposed to any significant reforms and even to a timid ongoing program to increase somewhat the autonomy of plant managers. According to a recent Soviet poll, many managers believe that central control has increased.

Above all, conservatives reject market-oriented reforms, even minor ones such as authorizing private taxis or family restaurants. Nor are they willing to unfetter the tiny household plots on collective farms, which on only 3 to 5 percent of the land already yield 25 to 30 percent of all agricultural output. With a horse, a peasant farmer could produce considerably more, but conservatives still defend Stalin's ban on private ownership of horses. As a Soviet journalist complained: "It is fine to own a car with ninety horsepower, but keeping one little horse with one horsepower is frowned upon. Now just what are we afraid of?"

Contrary to some Western reports, conservatives are not afraid of a "return to capitalism" or "democratization." Even in Communist countries with extensive marketization, that has never happened. Yet the widespread fear of reform is instinctively economic and political. Market economics and other decentralizing measures pose competitive tests of workplace performance. Therefore, they threaten millions of citizens in a system that does much to promote inefficiency and little to punish it, and that guarantees the jobs of unnecessary bureaucrats and slothful workers alike.

Marketization is also a Soviet code word for less political control over society. If the sphere of private enterprise grows, the realm of the state will diminish proportionately. Central authorities will have to deal with autonomous producers through market relations, which are a buffer against capricious bureaucratic power. The result will be a certain liberalization that would spread to censorship and other areas of political control.

Understanding these frightening ramifications, Soviet conservatives have always maintained that marketization may be safe in small Communist countries like Hungary, but not in large ones like their own. The dramatic reforms in China will not easily change their minds. Indeed, they have imposed a virtual ban on candid press accounts of the Chinese experiment.

Nonetheless, in the policy struggles that always follow a succession, reformers have their best chance in many years to sell the market to the Soviet leadership. They are insisting, as they did in the 1960s, Better late than never.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

From Politburo to Polypburo

It's a whole new iconic situation: the British press is already calling Raisa Gorbachev "the Bo Derek of the steppes" (since she is said to teach Marxist philosophy at Moscow U, I'd prefer to name her the Rosa Luxemburg of Red Square), and one ABC commentator stressed the charismatic qualities of the Gorbachevs, likening them to John and Jacqueline Kennedy. As if to emphasize the reversal in the age race, ABC then cut to a discussion of President Reagan's rectum and some worried chat about the blood recently detected in his feces. This is what free speech is all about. Other media highlights: a CNN anchorwoman asking Ernest Lefever whether he agreed that Gorbachev is the Soviet Union's answer to Gary Hart.

Next week: Raisa Maksimovna's diet secrets.

Playing Both Sides of the Fence

Most people have echoed *The New York Times*'s bellows of outrage at Lieut. Gen. John T. Chain Jr., head of the State Department's Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs, for tearing Leslie Gelb's photograph off the wall and denying him access to the bureau's staff. But what the saga actually revealed was not so much the persecution of a journalist but more a case of artful news management by *The Times* and the White House, in which poor Chain seems to have been too dumb to know what was going on. On March 3, in the wake of Chain's first outburst about Gelb's story on U.S. contingency plans for exploding nuclear weapons in allied territory, *Times* reporter Gerald Boyd emphasized that Robert McFarlane, head of the National Security Council, had authorized a State Department official to help Gelb: "This official and Mr. Gelb said Mr. Gelb had proposed at the outset to limit the scope of the story to information already published in newspapers abroad, even though the reporter had in his possession more sensitive information." These are the rhythms of "responsible journalism."

Readers may recall that in his stint as director of the Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs in the late 1970s, Gelb, now *The Times*'s national security correspondent, worked to undermine the European peace movement and give the neutron bomb a good name. Among his natural foes were the Institute for Policy Studies and William Arkin, sources of useful information about the U.S. military for the European peace movement. Gelb's February 13 story was—aside from being a rehash of material published abroad—essentially a piece of finger-pointing at Arkin as the man responsible for disseminating the U.S. contingency plans. This was the enterprise in which McFarlane was understandably eager to cooperate. Meanwhile *Times* readers have to accept that although Gelb knows much more about such plans, he has decided, in the interest of national security, that it would be better if he did not share this information.

If Chain had any guts he'd rip down the photograph of another former head of the Bureau of Politico-Military Affairs, who was also national security correspondent of *The New York Times*, Richard Burt. On June 29, 1979, under the headline "U.S. Plans New Way to Check Soviet Missile Tests," Burt revealed to *Times* readers the existence of a satellite code-named Chalet, which was in geosynchronous orbit and being reconfigured to monitor Soviet missile telemetry. If you accept the absurd categories of state secrecy in the first place, this was, beyond doubt, a major security breach. All the same, Chain is unlikely to do much about it, since Burt is now Assistant Secretary of State for European and Canadian Affairs and one of his bosses.

The Captive Press

Given the dexterity with which the mass media have managed to conceal from their audiences the Administration's sabotage of the Contadora process and of the bilateral talks between the United States and Nicaragua in Mexico, I wondered what sort of coverage would be given President Daniel Ortega's most recent peace moves, which he unveiled to a delegation of U.S. Catholic bishops on February 27. Ortega announced three unilateral initiatives: an indefinite moratorium on the acquisition of new arms systems and interception airplanes by Nicaragua, the withdrawal of one hundred Cuban military advisers as an initial step toward the removal of all foreign military personnel from the region, and an open invitation to a bipartisan delegation from Congress to visit Nicaraguan military facilities to confirm that Nicaragua's armed forces are defensive in nature. This invitation is probably the first carte blanche offer of on-site verification in the history of arms control.

By far the worst of the three major networks was CBS. Dan Rather gave no details of the Nicaraguan proposals, referring only vaguely to "peace overtures." This followed a general pattern in which most of the press shunted aside the actual proposals in favor of the White House response to them. Therefore the operative words in the leads were the reactive ones of the Reagan Administration: "Sophisticated propaganda." In CBS's case the reporting on Ortega's offer took the form of a press release from the White House, with Vice President Bush telling Lesley Stahl that Nicaragua was Cuba and Libya rolled into one. Stahl was followed by David Martin in Managua, who said, "The Sandinista pledge to stop their arms buildup is not so much a concession to the Reagan Administration as an acknowledgment that they have reached the limit of what they can absorb." Two days earlier Martin had reported that the Nicaraguan forces had only a defensive capability.

NBC was almost as bad. Tom Brokaw confined his description of Ortega's announcement to two words, "new offers," before yielding the screen to Marvin Kalb. Predictably, Kalb began, "In the view of U.S. officials, the Nicaraguan President, Daniel Ortega, has opened a major propaganda campaign." Kalb cited the first two Nicaraguan initiatives but omitted the offer of on-site inspection. Neither Kalb nor Stahl felt it necessary to challenge the Administration's claim that the offer to remove one hundred Cuban military advisers involved only "about 1 percent of the Cuban presence"—a preposterous statement even by

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

the White House's usual estimate that between 2,000 and 3,000 Cubans are in Nicaragua. The U.S. press has almost invariably parroted that line, despite the assertion of both Cuba and Nicaragua, backed by some independent observers, that the true number is about 300. During the Grenada invasion, over the heated objections of his own top intelligence analyst, John Horton, who eventually resigned in protest, C.I.A. chief William Casey insisted there were more than 1,200 Cubans on the island, many of them hiding in the hills. Castro's assertion that there were 786 Cubans in Grenada turned out to be correct.

On *Meet the Press* on March 3, Kalb pushed his brand of pro-Reagan editorializing further, with this description of the Administration's hard line: "It is, depending on your point of view, confrontational bordering on dangerous or courageous—a proper response to a communist challenge."

ABC's coverage was much superior (within the narrow limits of network reporting and commentary). Peter Jennings opened with the words "It may be difficult for the government of Nicaragua to understand what the Reagan Administration really means," and Sam Donaldson mentioned all three parts of the Nicaraguan proposal before concluding, "Ortega's announcement may be nothing more than propaganda, but it may nevertheless prove to be a potent weapon." The following day ABC reported what most of the media had carefully ignored: that on his trip to Montevideo, Uruguay, Ortega was "greeted by wildly enthusiastic crowds, cheering his name as if he was about to be named president of Uruguay."

If you can't ignore it, distort it. That same evening, February 28, on the *MacNeil-Lehrer News Hour*, Jim Lehrer said that Ortega had offered "a moratorium on new weapons systems and sending one hundred Cuban military advisers home in exchange for a U.S. halt to its support of the *contra* guerrillas who are fighting to overthrow the Sandinista government of Nicaragua." Of course, the point of Ortega's initiatives to get Contadora back on track was that they were unilateral and unconditional.

Contraprop

Sometimes I wonder which side *The Nation*'s editors are on. In the issue for March 9 an article on the efforts of the Nicaraguan *contra* factions to form a broad alliance was titled "A Fragile Unity Is Born." Whoever wrote that headline must be secretly working for Arturo Cruz. The word "fragile," with its aura of virtuous vulnerability, is linked to "unity," another positive attribute. The rhythms of hope are rounded out with "born," a word replete with fecund optimism.

Let's get this straight. *Our* side gives birth to fragile unity, *their* side *cobbles together a makeshift coalition. Our* people *strive to sink their differences;* in *their* case, *strains mar C.I.A.'s ill-assorted bedfellows.* Jon Lee Anderson and Lucia Annunziata's article was quasi contraprop anyway; there was no need to do it the favor of a moist headline.

Solemnandbindingpromise

Guarantees of independence . . . continuation of great tradition . . . writers fear erosion of valued freedom. This time it's *The New Yorker*'s turn, sold to Newhouse. The idea seems to be to let William Shawn serve out his term without mandatory parole and then sweep out the old nursing home. There may be a miscalculation there. Shawn is 77, and assuming he eats right, diets right, doesn't go jogging and avoids columns by William Safire, he could last another fifteen years. Si Newhouse is 57. That's a long time to wait.

The usual pattern (unless we speak of Rupert Murdoch, in which case the interval between making and breaking of guarantees is too brief for conventional chronometric measurement) is to make a few nice pledges, wait a few months and then clean out the *ancien régime.* People always forget that the taking of the Bastille was followed by glorious *Thermidor.* Having failed to get Robert Silvers, editor of *The New York Review of Books*, to edit *Vanity Fair*, Newhouse, they say, may try to install him at *The New Yorker.* I'd put Cyndi Lauper in, myself. The place could do with a shake-up. You can't have late capitalism without breaking eggs. I wish Jesse Helms would take over CBS. He wouldn't have to change a line of what Dan Rather says each night and the network would be clearly labeled for what, in fact, it became long ago.

Chintzy

On February 28 a letterhead called "Randall Warner, Vice President, Corporate and Public Affairs, Harper's Magazine" sent me a copy of the February *Harper's*, no doubt hoping for a favorable mention in this space. There were eighty-four pages in the issue, including the front and back covers. There were twenty-three pages of advertisement: two from oil companies, three from defense contractors, two from cigarette companies and one from the diamond industry, thus by inference urging readers to maintain South African prosperity and the stability of the apartheid system. There were seventeen pages of "readings"—gobbets of quotation, speeches in the public domain, letters to newspapers—which evidently required little or no transfer of funds from president/publisher John R. MacArthur's capacious wallet. There was a "forum," crashing through the snore barrier on industrial policy, with five economists contributing their services gratis. Letters from Hugh Hefner, Paul Krassner and others took up six pages and gave Lewis Lapham another cost-free headline for his cover.

Aside from the acrostic and puzzle, which I assume *Harper's* pays for, there were twenty pages of commissioned and presumably paid material in the issue, a third of which took the form of an utterly mad article by Tom Bethell, attacking Charles Darwin. The only thing worth reading was a piece of Anglophobia by Marilynne Robinson. A magazine like *Harper's* exists only to pay writers and thus assist in the circulation of commodities. What makes it especially galling is that *Harper's* is run by a man whose name is associated with profligate generosity.

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ARTICLES.

GUTTING THE FARM LABOR LAW

It's Boycott Time In California

RICHARD STEVEN STREET

California's Imperial Valley straddles the U.S.-Mexican border between Yuma, Arizona and San Diego. Its hothouse climate and abundant Colorado River water make it a prime supplier of produce during the winter months. The Mexican town of Mexicali, home to as many as 8,000 migrant "green card" farm workers, provides growers a source of cheap labor.

Each winter as the harvest shifts south to the valley, workers return from their migratory circuit to their homes in Mexicali. During their five-month stay, their days follow a numbing routine. They cross the border each morning between 1 A.M. and 3 A.M. Some of the workers have union contracts and assured employment, with decent wages and benefits. Most don't, and they must stand under the sodium-vapor lights along the main street in Calexico until they are selected by one of the dozens of labor contractors who park their buses in the gas stations and fast-food outlets that serve as pickup points. Those chosen wait in the buses or stand around on the sidewalk for hours, holding their places. Finally they are driven to the fields for a day's work. They return each afternoon between 2 P.M. and 4 P.M.; eat, sleep and get up the following morning—all for no more than $3.70 an hour, without medical or vacation benefits. "Solamente trabajo y duermo," *a worker told me. "All I do is work and sleep."*

In December 1983, Ron Hull, manager of the Imperial Valley Vegetable Growers Association, wrote a blistering letter to his local newspaper, denouncing the Agricultural Labor Relations Act as a "cancer" that was ravaging the rural economy. "The A.L.R.B. [California Agricultural Labor Relations Board, which administers the law] may have been the prescription for 'peace in the fields' prescribed by former Governor [Jerry] Brown," he stated, "but I submit the cure is killing the patient organ by organ."

At that time, the A.L.R.B. had been in existence for eight years, and despite a rocky beginning, it was becoming an effective mechanism for resolving disputes between the growers and their workers. One year later, Hull and his fellow agribusinessmen largely succeeded in ridding themselves of the cancer. The assault they mounted on the board last year is a textbook example of the power of business interests to override labor laws they don't like and part of a nationwide trend of unionbusting. The campaign also exposed the transitory nature of California's farm labor policy, which shifts with the political winds and which has swung squarely in the growers' favor. Given the present conservative mood in the state, it will be years before the farm labor law regains the pro-worker momentum it acquired after it was passed in 1975.

Attacks on the act are nothing new. For years growers sought revisions so that it would be superseded by the National Labor Relations Act—a way of eliminating the secondary boycott, United Farm Workers head César Chavez's weapon of last resort, which is forbidden by the Federal law. Failing that, they carried on an unremitting battle against the A.L.R.B.'s rulings through the board's appeals process and in the courts, routinely fighting all the way to the State Supreme Court. Invariably they lost, and accounts of the results were buried in the rural newspapers. But in early 1984, one of those long, drawn-out cases was finally decided and a cash award announced. Abatti Produce, a family-owned El Centro-based general farming company which employed 2,500 workers, was found guilty of illegally firing union activists, beginning in 1969, and also of engaging in unionbusting during contract negotiations in 1978.

Under the "make-whole" provision of the farm labor law, workers receive compensation when the company is found guilty of bad-faith bargaining. The award is based on the difference between what they earned and what they would have earned under the contract that was eventually signed. Initially small, the award grew as the company's appeals wended their way through the court. When the El Centro A.L.R.B. staff finally estimated the total, with accumulated interest charges and contributions to pension funds, health insurance and holidays, it came to between $8 million and $10 million. (The A.L.R.B. estimate was based on a preliminary analysis of incomplete data. The final amount will be determined after the company produces its pay records.) This January, Abatti attorneys held a press conference and announced the company would shut down following the last of its 1984 harvests.

For agribusinessmen, the huge Abatti settlement was a glaring example of the A.L.R.B.'s pro-labor bias. They criticized it vehemently in interviews published in the *Imperial Valley Press* and other newspapers throughout Southern California. They never mentioned the twenty instances in which Abatti Produce had violated the Agricultural Labor Relations Act; they insisted that the Abatti decision was symptomatic of the way the farm labor law had adversely affected growers. Look at Yuma, Arizona, only fifty miles to the east, they said. With no union activity, plenty of water, lots of land and no A.L.R.B., its total lettuce plantings jumped by 10,000 acres in five years; in the Imperial Valley, over the same period, it dropped by 18,000 acres. Look at the long list of produce firms that moved

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Richard Steven Street last covered farm workers for The Nation *with "The Lettuce Strike Story," January 19, 1980. Winner of a Phelan Award for Literature, he is completing a four-volume illustrated history of California farm workers from 1769 to 1984.*

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their operations elsewhere or quit farming altogether following judgments of unfair labor practices and massive penalties imposed by the board: Sun Harvest, Bruce Church, California Coastal, Hubbard Company, Martori Brothers and Colace Brothers. Add to the loss of those jobs the 2,500 Abatti jobs, in an area where seasonal unemployment reaches 42.3 percent, the highest in California.

The United Farm Workers offers a quite different reading of those facts. According to Chris Schneider of the union's legal staff, Abatti's shutdown was fraudulent. The company was following the example of firms like Continental Airlines, breaking labor contracts by filing for bankruptcy. Says Schneider:

> We've got compelling proof that a lot of these companies, like Sun Harvest and Growers Exchange and Bruce Church, are just changing their names, firing union workers, lowering wages and continuing operations with labor contractors who hire workers from the shape-up at 4 A.M. along the main street in Calexico, and then truck them to the fields at rock-bottom wages. We send these shutdown companies letters, and they refuse to reply, saying they're not the same, so we have to file new charges with the A.L.R.B. As for the decline in lettuce acreage, that's because acreage jumped after the 1979 strike, when we shut down the valley. Growers made a killing at $25 a carton, and they overplanted. Now they're readjusting. There's plenty of growers looking for land in the Imperial Valley.

Chavez vows that the union will try to collect the millions of dollars owed to farm workers, seizing the personal property of farmers if necessary. In the state legislature, the U.F.W. is applying pressure to "soft" rural Democrats who have supported efforts to gut the farm labor board. In the supermarkets, it is organizing a boycott of Chiquita bananas, allegedly sold by a successor of Sun Harvest, the big Salinas Valley lettuce company. Chavez called the action because Sun shut down in 1982 without negotiating a closure settlement with its workers, as required by law. And last fall in the Salinas Valley it staged a one-day "sick-out" of 5,000 workers engaged in contract negotiations.

Meanwhile, the A.L.R.B. is barely functioning. Since January 1984, Gov. George Deukmejian, who received nearly $1 million in campaign contributions from growers for his 1982 race, has used his power of appointment to reshape the five-member board along more conservative lines. Last summer, he transferred its chair, former State Senator Alfred Song, to the Occupational Safety and Health Appeals Board. Then he appointed Jyrl Ann James-Massengale, a labor lawyer who had represented the growers, to replace him. Next year Deukmejian may replace Jerome Waldie, perhaps the U.F.W.'s strongest advocate on the board, with a candidate sympathetic to the growers. After that, according to some growers, it should take about two more years to reverse the policies the board has implemented since 1975.

David Sterling, formerly a conservative Republican legislator, has been the Governor's most controversial and, from the union's perspective, disastrous appointment. Through his power to decide which cases the board will investigate and prosecute, Sterling wields the same discretionary authority as a district attorney does over criminal actions. Frequently critical of the farm labor board's alleged pro-U.F.W. orientation, he disputes claims that the legislature intended the law to be pro-worker, as many contend, and he has begun to unravel precedents established in the past eight years. Many disputes are now resolved without going to trial; the controversial make-whole provision of the farm labor law is under review; and a 27 percent cut in the board's budget has been accepted without protest.

Probably the most significant of Sterling's policy decisions came last March, when he reduced the $8 million-plus judgment against Abatti Produce to $1.76 million. He arrived at the lower figure by pegging compensation to the U.F.W.'s 1982 going-out-of-business contract with Colace Brothers, a small firm in the Imperial Valley which paid $5.45 an hour. In computing the larger award the El Centro A.L.R.B. office had used as a model the union's contract with Sun Harvest, which paid $7 an hour and whose operations were similar to Abatti's. According to Sterling, the lower settlement would give farm workers their money sooner than if they waited the five or six years it would take Abatti to exhaust its appeals. Chavez called the revised award a "sellout at 10 cents on the dollar."

Sterling's ruling split the farm labor board. In hearings last summer to determine make-whole penalties against Mario Saikhon Inc., operator of the field where U.F.W. member Rufino Contreras was murdered during the 1979 lettuce strike (the case has never been solved), Sterling clashed with El Centro A.L.R.B. regional director David Arizmendi. In determining how much back pay Saikhon owed a group of workers it refused to take back after the 1979 strike, Sterling proposed that the sum be computed ac-

DRAWINGS BY BILL CHARMATZ

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cording to methods that would have yielded far smaller awards than Arizmendi's calculations would have. The Abatti Produce case became even more confused when, in the space of two months, the A.L.R.B. rejected Sterling's $1.76 million award as too small, and he overruled it and reduced the penalty to $1.05 million.

In the wake of the Saikhon and Abatti decisions and the appointments of Sterling and James-Massengale, several high-level A.L.R.B. staff members resigned. The most widely publicized of those resignations was that of Arizmendi, last June. The *Imperial Valley Press* reported that Arizmendi had resigned after the Imperial Valley Farm Bureau revealed that he did not have a college degree, which is required for his job. Arizmendi said he left for personal reasons. His departure removed the most controversial of the farm labor board's administrators.

Since then a number of developments have shattered Chavez's faith in the board's ability to act fairly in the Abatti Produce case, or in any other. The State Supreme Court refused to review a lower court decision in *Admiral Packing Company v. the A.L.R.B.*, which threw out the board's finding that twenty-eight Imperial Valley growers had bargained in bad faith during their 1979 contract talks with the union. While all but eight of the companies had already settled their disputes with the union, the appellate court's ruling enabled the remaining companies to engage in tough negotiations and to avoid paying penalties. Chavez estimates that the companies owe workers $75 million in back wages.

As a result of the upheavals at the A.L.R.B., Chavez has been forced to rethink his organizing strategy. Although his influence in Sacramento remains strong and is bolstered by $656,000 in U.F.W. campaign contributions distributed to "friendly" Democratic legislators by Assembly Speaker Willie Brown and State Senate president David Roberti, Chavez no longer believes that the board serves as a tool for achieving economic justice for farm workers. In a recent interview, he told San Francisco *Examiner* labor reporter Paul Shinoff: "We thought we could redress our grievances through the board, but that is not to be. That is definitely not to be. We have to change our tactics now."

The most dramatic example of this resumption of old tactics has been in the Salinas Valley, where since 1979 the union has been embroiled in a strike against Bruce Church, the nation's second-largest lettuce producer. Although the A.L.R.B. had found Bruce Church guilty of unfair labor practices and ordered it to rehire strikers and pay them retroactively, the company stalled in the courts, and the union has resorted to a boycott of Church's Red Coach lettuce. Last fall the U.F.W. persuaded McDonald's, Lucky Stores and A & P to stop purchasing lettuce from Church.

So far this year the Imperial Valley has been the focal point of the U.F.W.'s new militancy. On Sunday, February 10, six years after Rufino Contreras's murder, Chavez led 3,000 workers on a six-mile memorial march from the town of Heber to Calexico. At a rally in Rockwood Plaza he told the marchers that Governor Deukmejian was conspiring with growers to undermine the farm labor law, that acting regional A.L.R.B. director Tim Foote (who had replaced David Arizmendi) was biased against them, that 4,000 farm workers had been fired for seeking to redress their grievances through the law and had lost $80 million in wages. He called on the workers to protest against the shape-up system in Calexico by engaging in a one-day sick-out in honor of Contreras and what he had died trying to achieve.

The next morning about 5,000 farm workers refused to ride the buses to the fields. On Tuesday morning workers returning to the labor buses along the main drag in Calexico were fired, and at Mario Saikhon one hundred broccoli pickers were replaced. The following morning, when the workers came to get their paychecks at the Saikhon pick-up point, a former A.L.R.B. field examiner employed as a labor relations manager allegedly attacked the U.F.W.'s Chris Schneider.

At 8:30 Friday morning, after waiting three hours for their pay, the broccoli crew traveled by car caravan from their Calexico pickup point to Saikhon headquarters in Holtville. A tense confrontation developed inside the management office. Company employees refused to pay the workers until most of them agreed to leave the premises. When the police arrived, all but six or seven of the workers had gone. (While standing behind the workers at the counter, I was charged by an enraged management employee who tried to tear off my cameras and, failing at that, attempted to have me arrested on charges that I had attacked him. The police declined.)

Although Saikhon and U.F.W. representatives met in late February, with Foote acting as moderator, they failed to reach an agreement. The two sides argued vehemently on every point. Saikhon attorneys contended that the company hadn't fired the broccoli workers, merely "replaced" those who went out on strike. Union people said the workers had indeed been fired, and insisted that the one-day sick-out was not the same as a strike. According to Foote, an investigation into the incident will require about two weeks; the U.F.W. believes the Saikhon case will be stalled for several months, a delay the union says is too long. "By the time Foote issues a decision," said Schneider, "the vegetable season at Saikhon may be finished. What good is a decision then?"

There is little hope of a redress of grievances through the farm labor board. The union is therefore planning to boycott Saikhon's Jeff brand broccoli and Mario and Jeff brands lettuce. If the union's executive board O.K.s the boycott, the first target will be Safeway, which buys a lot of Saikhon produce, as well as other chain stores and local markets in the Imperial Valley and throughout California. As Schneider told me, the February 11 work stoppage was just a preview of the coming months. "We really have no

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other alternative," he said. "It's clear that the law isn't working. That means you're going to see a lot of marches, more boycotts and economic action at the workplace. It's the only thing a lot of these growers understand." □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

Five Days That Shook the Party

DANIEL SINGER

From February 6 through February 10, more than 1,700 delegates to the French Communist Party's twenty-fifth congress met in the roofed-over sports stadium at Saint-Ouen, a suburb of Paris. Coming at a time when the C.P.'s fortunes are at a low ebb, it was a historic occasion. The party's popular support has plummeted from 22 percent of the vote in 1979 to 11 percent in the European elections last June.

The poor showing touched off six months of soul-searching and debate prior to the congress. There was even a modest—and unprecedented—rebellion in the ranks, as three of the ninety-five regional federations refused to endorse the Central Committee's report on the political situation. Echoes of the rebellion, though faint, reverberated in the sports palace at Saint-Ouen. Welcome as those small stirrings of democracy were, they may have come too late.

What follows are my notes on the congress, intended to convey the mood of the delegates and a sense of the state of the party.

'Collective Blunderer'

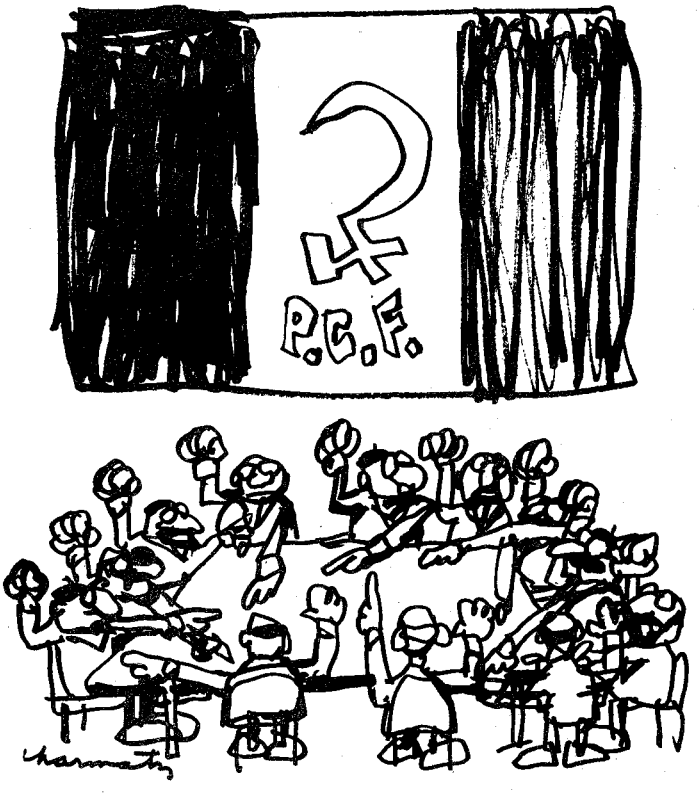
Wednesday, February 6, was Georges Marchais's day. The secretary general made a speech which lasted five and a half hours. Such long-windedness is traditional at party congresses, but what Marchais had to say was not. Analyzed carefully, it was a monument of self-criticism. Its central message was that on all the major issues of the past twenty-five years, the "collective intellectual," as Gramsci called the Communist Party, either had been wrong or had grasped the truth too late. It had failed to adjust to the structural changes in French society. "Big business took them in its stride much more rapidly than we did," Marchais said, adding that the lapse was not surprising, since "the thinking of the French Communists was deeply influenced by the Soviet model."

The party's strategy had been based on a false assumption, he said. Making a wrong analogy to the pre-World War II antifascist struggle, it had pursued a defensive popular front course when it should have offered a socialist alternative. Thus, it had focused its "hopes on limited ends and an electoral alliance." It had failed to perceive the potential for radical change in the upheaval of May 1968. It had fostered the illusions that "the solution to all problems will come from above" and that "the transfer of property to the state will be enough to change" the society. The party also had missed all the new issues—*autogestion* (worker management), women's liberation, ecology, decentralization. As a result it had unwittingly paved the way for the election of that Socialist monarch François Mitterrand.

An organization that admits its mistakes deserves praise, and I took some personal satisfaction from Marchais's confession, since I was accused of "slandering" the party when I said the same things in a book I wrote on the 1968 uprising. Now my analysis had been endorsed from the horse's mouth. But on second thought, I decided I had little reason to rejoice. For although the party admitted past errors, it did not abandon its claims to righteousness and papal infallibility. Indeed, Marchais's indictment was followed by total exoneration of the leadership. He said that he and his comrades had been trying to correct the party line for years. Their leadership must have been perfect, since now there was no question of removing them from office. And party democracy was assumed to be working well, since there was no question of changing the rules of "democratic centralism."

Marchais even modified his criticism of the "Soviet model" in the same speech, when he argued that whatever its flaws and need for improvement, the Soviet system was fundamentally sound and the countries of the Eastern bloc were "building socialism." Later that afternoon, when the fraternal delegates from abroad were introduced, the Afghan, Czech and Polish delegates received warm applause—as undoubted members of the family.

Thus do past virtues become vices. In the name of "prole-



Daniel Singer is The Nation*'s European correspondent and the author of* The Road to Gdansk *(Monthly Review Press).*

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tarian internationalism" oppressors are hailed as liberators; in the name of the 1917 Revolution, the party praises regimes that can be described as "soviet" (in the original meaning—workers' councils) only by blinding oneself to reality. For the French C.P. the political cost of such dishonesty has been high.

Indeed, after the debacle last June, a number of members rebelled. The would-be reformers, dubbed *renovateurs*, criticized the party's "globally positive" assessment of the Soviet Union, its sudden swings in domestic policy from unprincipled concessions to sectarian isolation, its suppression of genuine debate through pressure from above.

There is an old party joke that members tell to illustrate the difficulty the rank and file have in influencing decision-making. A boy asks his father, a Communist, what "democratic centralism" means. Papa gives him a basin and tells him to stand in the courtyard four stories down. When the boy is ready, the father leans out the window and pours water into the basin. "Now," he says, "pour it back."

To silence critics, the leadership relies not only on its authority and on that of numerous party functionaries but on a system of majority rule without proportional representation, which reduces dissent at each successive organizational level. Thus during the pre-congress ferment, about one-third of the members opposed the official line at the cell level. At the next echelon, the section, the proportion fell. At the federation level it was only 10 percent, and at the national congress it dropped to less than 4 percent, judging from the size of the negative vote on the various resolutions.

Stalinism in Kid Gloves

On Thursday, Ellen Constans, a delegate from Haute-Vienne, the bone china–manufacturing country around Limoges, took to the rostrum to explain why her federation had offered an alternative resolution to the motion proposed by the leadership. She was followed by Felix Damette, a delegate from Paris and a member of the Central Committee, who in moderate tones and without questioning overall strategy, restated most of the reformers' arguments and concluded by contrasting the party's project for a self-governing society with the way it runs its own affairs.

When he had finished, the convention stage managers suddenly displayed a zeal for democracy. Up to that point only speeches from the rostrum had been permitted. Now the debate was thrown open to the floor. "Spontaneously," twelve delegates came to the microphones, some of them reading "impromptu" remarks. Unanimously, they backed the leaders, approved their policies, criticized the critics and questioned their motives. This little interlude was brought to a close by Charles Fiterman, a former Cabinet minister and the member of the top leadership considered to be most sympathetic to the *renovateurs*. Fiterman admonished Constans and Damette.

Stalinist methods? To be sure. The critics faced a classic dilemma. If they had attacked the leadership directly, they would have been expelled; when they restrained themselves, they were accused of concealing their true motives. Still, for a party that once hounded its heretics, that could be considered extraordinary tolerance. After all, the dissenters were not drowned out, and following the twelve loyalists' hosannas, a dissenter was allowed to have his say. Nor was that the end of the debate. On Friday morning, a functionary named Pierre Juquin was unwittingly thrust into the limelight. The 55-year-old Juquin, a teacher of German, was not in the past considered a rebel. A protégé of Marchais, he had climbed to the party's highest council, the politburo, serving as its official spokesman and defending each new twist in the party line. But last summer he grew disenchanted and decided that unless the party changed it was doomed. His apostasy made him a favorite target of the faithful.

Juquin did not try to inflame the audience, nor did he recant. Choosing his words with care, he stated the case for change, arguing that the party was in "a race between history and ourselves." After he had finished, the comedy of spontaneous debate was resumed. This time seventeen accusers took the floor, decrying skeptics and pleading for certainty.

Joining the delegates at lunch, I reminded my neighbors of Karl Marx's favorite maxim, *De omnibus disputandum*. Though I had said it in French, the woman sitting across from me was unconvinced. Clearly Comrade Karl would have been kicked out of her cell as a "German anarchist." Interestingly enough, not all her comrades agreed with her. In former days they would have ganged up on me. The party is not quite what it used to be. After all, three speakers supported Juquin, and the issue of the right to dissent dominated the proceedings on the convention floor to the end.

On Saturday, during the debate on the final resolution, a delegate had the temerity to propose an amendment to the section on democratic centralism that would prohibit the ouster of party officials solely for expressing critical opinions. Paul Laurent, speaking for the leadership, pretended that such a provision would give dissenters a guaranteed tenure. After the amendment was duly rejected, sixty-five delegates abstained on the resolution—a small number in itself but impressive when compared with almost total submission on previous occasions. Everyone knew what was at stake: the monolithic nature of the leadership and its power to silence dissidents.

Thaw in a Cold Climate

On Sunday the weather was bitterly cold. Inside the Saint-Ouen arena couples danced to the music of a famous pop group called Telephone. But the congress had nothing to dance about; the participants were just killing time until the names of the 137 members of the new Central Committee were announced. Eventually the word came down. Damette and Juquin were in and so was Marcel Rigout, an ex-minister representing the Limoges region. But Constans was out and so were a dozen less well-known leaders from the Lorraine, from Paris and from the Renault and Peugeot plants. They had paid the price for insubordination. Juquin was dismissed from the politburo. An ambiguous outcome: the glass was half empty—or half full.

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The Communist Party is entering a new phase in its history. Now that the Socialist Party has become openly social democratic and talks of boosting profits rather than changing people's lives, there is an opening on the left for a party that asserts that the economic crisis cannot be solved by capitalism. Yet to be credible such a party must offer a vision of an alternative society. It must define the tactics for carrying on the struggle within the system, and it must provide a road map showing the way out, taking into account the international context.

If the C.P. wishes to assume this role it must talk and act in ways that do not contradict its slogans about restoring power to the people and the like. Marchais and his comrades rightly complain that they are treated unfairly by the press, but they have provided hostile journalists with a lot of ammunition.

At the close of the twenty-fifth congress, the optimists pointed out that the Italian C.P. permitted open debate within its ranks only fifteen years ago and is now in much better shape. The pessimists retorted that the Italian situation was different, that the Italian party then had three times the members the French C.P. has and that fifteen years is a long time. The race with history Juquin spoke of is on. The Socialists, having first reduced their Communist allies to the role of junior partner in the government, are now giving them, unwittingly, a respite. Time, however, is short. Those five days in Saint-Ouen shook the party, but not hard enough to make it change.

As they emerged from the sports stadium on Sunday night, warmed by the singing of the "Marseillaise" and the "Internationale" and by the pleasure of being together, the delegates were met by a frosty blast from the world outside. □

SLENDER THREADS

Voter Power; PUP; On the Waterfront

JOSEPH A. BLUM, ELSA DIXLER, GEORGE L. LEVENTHAL

How the Left Won in Berkeley

Last November voters in Berkeley, California, turned out in record numbers to reject the Reagan-Bush ticket and to elect four progressives to join the four already on the nine-member City Council. The tactics that led to that electoral sweep may point the way to future municipal coalition-building efforts.

Berkeley's left-of-center coalition, Berkeley Citizens Action (B.C.A.), has played a role in local politics ever since the city became a focus of antiwar and anti-establishment pro-

Joseph A. Blum is a union boilermaker and a correspondent for Pacific News Service. George L. Leventhal was campaign coordinator for the Berkeley Citizens Action Coalition Campaign '84.

A MESSAGE TO NATION ASSOCIATES

You are cordially invited to attend the opening day of the conference on "The Journal of Critical Opinion," sponsored by The Nation Institute and the University of Southern California School of Journalism. At the conference dozens of editors and publishers will discuss the role of these journals in American society.

The conference will be held at the University of Southern California in Los Angeles, and spaces are being held for Nation Associates at the sessions on Saturday, April 13. Panels that day will cover "The Role of the Journal of Critical Opinion," "The Impact of the New Technology," "Ideology and Function" and other topics (see the back page of this issue for more details). The $150 registration fee for Saturday's program will be waived for Nation Associates.

Space is limited, so it is essential to reserve a place either by writing to Box CM, The Nation, 72 Fifth Avenue, New York, NY 10011, or by calling Laird Harrison (212) 242-8400 by April 1. We will then send you a fuller description of the day's program.

We hope to see many of you there.

Hamilton Fish 3rd
Victor Navasky

April 4, 5, 6 **The 3rd Annual**

Socialist Scholars Conference

"The Left in Crisis"

Boro of Manhattan Community College, CUNY
199 Chambers St. (near Trade Center), New York City

Join . . . Ellen Willis • Bogdan Denitch • Luciana Castellina • David Gordon • Harry Magdoff • Cornell West • Carol O'Cleireacain • Allan Hershkovitz • Ray Franklin • Stanley Aronowitz • Judith Stein • Jan Rosenberg • Cynthia Epstein • Michael Walzer • Ira Katznelson • Erwin Knoll • Stanley Greenberg • Frances Fox Piven • Paul Sweezy • Yair Tzaban • Saskia Sassen-Koob • Michael Harrington • Amy Clampitt • John Hyland • Chester Feurstein • Joanne Barkan • Jean Cohen • Dorothy Healey • Irving Howe • Barbara Ehrenreich • Robert Engler • Jennifer Hunt • Judith Lorber • Jewel Bellush • Bernard Bellush • R.L. Norman • Jo Ann Mort • Vern Mogensen • Don Harris • William Kornblum • John Rantz • John Trinkl • Ruth Spitz • Patricia Mann • Barbara Epstein • Deborah Meier • Gordon Adams • Rosanna Giamanco • Dave Garrow • Paulette Pierce • Robert Lekachman • Paul Piccone • Patrick Hughes • James Weinstein • James Aronson • Jeff Escoffier • William Tabb • Andrew Arato • Daniel Singer • Fred Siegel • William Wilson • C.K. Williams • Maurice Isserman

This year's conference is on the theme of **"The Left in Crisis."** Last year's conference brought more than 2000 participants together. This year the conference is being expanded to over 80 panels. There will be panel sequences on feminist, labor, theoretical, economic, cultural, third world, and American political topics.

Sponsors/Participants (in formation): CUNY Ph.D. Program in Sociology, and *Dissent, Nation*, Institute for Democratic Socialism, Mid-Atlantic Radical Historians Organization, *Monthly Review, Social Policy, Social Text, Socialist Review, Telos*, CUNY Democratic Socialist Faculty Club, CUNY Democratic Socialist Graduate Student Club, South End Press, The Fabian Society, The Generation After, *Against the Current*

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test in the mid-1960s. Yet it was not until last year that the progressives gained control of the government. Until then, moderate pro-business Democrats dominated the Council, in part because of low voter turnout. Also, the moderates consistently outspent the progressives.

By the April 1979 election, however, the progressives had developed a campaign apparatus that made up for lack of funds by mounting an intensive volunteer effort. The next five years were a time of coalition building. Among the key strategies contributing to the 1984 sweep were:

§ *Passing Rent Control.* A strong rent and eviction control law, actively supported by the B.C.A., was passed in 1980 and strengthened in 1982. Although the moderate Democrats also claimed to support rent control last year, tenants—who make up 64 percent of the city's population—were familiar with the B.C.A.'s longstanding commitment.

§ *Synchronizing National, State and Municipal Elections.* Until 1982 municipal elections were held in April of odd-numbered years. Moving the elections to November of even-numbered years reduced the cost to the city and resulted in a dramatic increase in voter participation.

§ *Taking a More Pragmatic Attitude Toward Economic Development.* Progressive candidates had long been stigmatized as being against business. B.C.A. leaders decided to support business construction if developers hired Berkeley residents to work on the projects and conformed to new zoning laws and environmental restrictions. This policy enabled them to criticize the moderates for being too cozy with the developers, thus appealing to no-growth environmentalists, without alienating the business community.

§ *Endorsing Jesse Jackson and the Rainbow Coalition Early.* The B.C.A.'s campaign expertise and the Rainbow Coalition's appeal to minority voters enabled Jackson to sweep the city in the June California primary. Mayor Eugene (Gus) Newport had been a prominent supporter of the Jackson campaign in Northern California, and leading up to the November vote, Jackson's endorsement of the B.C.A. ticket was featured in literature aimed at the black community.

§ *Supporting the Mondale-Ferraro Ticket.* Because of the divisions among Berkeley's Democrats, the state party was reluctant to set up an official Presidential campaign operation there. The B.C.A. leaped into the breach, and its volunteers distributed Mondale-Ferraro material with literature on the local elections. As a result, the moderates lost their identity as the city's official Democratic organization. Partly because of its support for the national ticket, the B.C.A. was able to mobilize 750 volunteers on Election Day, by far the largest number to participate in a local campaign there.

As a result of these strategies the Berkeley Citizens Action earned the biggest victory in its history. Energy conservation activist Nancy Skinner, who ran for the City Council, received upward of 27,500 votes—at least 5,000 more than the strongest moderate candidate. All four of the B.C.A. candidates for City Council won, along with both of its candidates for the school board. The slate pulled votes not only from its traditional base in the student and black communities but also from the more affluent North Berkeley and Berkeley Hills areas.

Several lessons of the Berkeley effort may be applicable to campaigns in other cities. Most important, it united an economically and racially diverse coalition with a succinct platform that addressed the concerns of various issue-oriented constituencies. Second, the campaign made effective use of advertising and packaging to get its message across, as the right wing has done so skillfully nationwide. Third, hundreds of hard-working B.C.A. volunteers registered thousands of voters, went from door to door throughout the city twice and mailed nearly 200,000 leaflets. They simply outorganized the opposition.

The transition to responsive, community-based city government took a long time. The Berkeley progressive coalition underwent eighteen years of electoral defeats before winning in 1984, which underscores the final lesson: Municipal activists should not expect to prevail overnight. *G.L.L.*

U.S.S.R.-CHINA

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Unemployment Councils at Work

Last spring, Pennsylvania legislators voted to add $26 million to a fund that provides low-interest loans to people who are behind on their mortgage payments through no fault of their own. The program was established by the Homeowners Emergency Mortgage Assistance Act of 1983, passed as a result of pressure by state labor unions and religious groups. Another organization behind the bill, the Philadelphia Unemployment Project (PUP), estimates that the legislation has saved 7,000 families from eviction.

PUP has been fighting evictions for years, when necessary taking direct action such as inhibiting sheriff's deputies from seizing individual homes. But according to project organizer Horace Small, "We knew we couldn't keep going as we were, fighting one eviction at a time." The 1983 law was a key step toward providing systematic help to economically distressed homeowners.

Supported in large part by grants from labor unions and religious groups, PUP has approximately 400 members, 50 active volunteers and a small staff of paid workers. Its other projects include pressuring hospitals to admit poor people,

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lobbying the Philadelphia Gas Commission to adopt a plan by which people behind on their bills could pay them gradually rather than having their service cut off and campaigning for the extension of state unemployment benefits. In 1981 it helped push a bill through the City Council requiring runaway companies to notify their workers before they close.

Inspired by PUP's example, people have formed unemployment councils in more than thirty cities, including Gary, Indiana, and Birmingham, Alabama. The council in Erie County, Pennsylvania, registered voters and turned them out for the November elections. In Asbury Park, New Jersey, the Shore Committee for the Jobless has focused on the problems of the homeless, a major issue in the area.

Information about the Philadelphia Unemployment Project is available from 116 South Seventh Street, Suite 610, Philadelphia, PA 19106. *E.D.*

Longshoremen Protest Apartheid

Local 10 of the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union in San Francisco, whose membership is 60 percent black, has long been involved in the U.S. antiapartheid movement. The local's South Africa Liberation Support Committee gathers clothing and other aid for refugees from Zimbabwe and South Africa and arranges speaking engagements for representatives of the African National Congress and the South African Congress of Trade Unions. Last October, the local decided to take bolder action. At the monthly general meeting, members pledged to refuse to handle the next South African cargo that reached port.

When the Kimberly, one of four Dutch-owned Nedlloyd Line ships that regularly carry South African cargo to West Coast ports, docked in San Francisco on November 24, the local stevedoring company placed a routine order for about twenty men to unload the ship. Although it was an opportunity to earn more than $200 a shift, none of the local's 1,500 members would take the jobs.

That night two work crews, led by Leo Robinson, head of the support committee, quickly unloaded a small quantity of Australian goods from the Kimberly but refused to touch the South African products aboard—steel, wine, apple products and automobile parts. They were fired on the spot. For the next nine days, several hundred longshoremen accepted assignments to the Kimberly but refused to unload the cargo. They were not paid and their names were placed at the bottom of the hiring list.

Despite scanty coverage in the press, Local 10's boycott drew considerable support. Some 200 local residents braved a rainstorm to protest the Kimberly's arrival. More than 700 people, including local clergymen and leaders of the black community, attended a rally at the pier on December 2, where Representative Ron Dellums and Berkeley Mayor Gus Newport spoke.

After arbitrators called in by the Pacific Maritime Association, an organization representing about 130 West Coast shipowners, ruled the action an illegal breach of contract, the local's leaders, who had played no overt role in the protest, urged the men to unload the ship. The boycott was ended on December 3, but hundreds of demonstrators continued to picket and sit in at the association's headquarters, demanding that it sever relations with shipping lines that move South African cargo.

Every few weeks, Nedlloyd vessels arrive in the Bay Area and other West Coast ports, laden with South African goods. If the longshoremen and their community supporters can tie up these ships—and if transport workers at East Coast and gulf ports follow suit—the American antiapartheid movement will have gained a powerful weapon. *J.A.B.*

Fortress America

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

> there is considerable concern that a continuation of this loss will eventually undermine the improvements we have made thus far and will indefinitely defer . . . the achievement of an adequate national security posture.

Although increased spending during the past four years has prevented the Russians from achieving new "geopolitical victories," there is a risk that "we may again become complacent," thus inviting a round of Soviet offensives. We therefore must be prepared for further sacrifices to complete "the long, difficult, and expensive task of regaining our deterrent capabilities."

In pursuit of that task, the report calls for an across-the-board increase in U.S. military spending. While all branches of the armed forces would benefit from the buildup, the focus is on the nuclear arsenal, with emphasis on modernization and strategic defense, and on force projection, the code for intervention in regional conflicts in the Third World. Only by progressing in the nuclear area, we are told, can the United States maintain its technological advantage and persuade the Russians to negotiate restraints on strategic arms; only by expanding its interventionary capabilities can this country protect itself against multifarious threats to U.S. interests abroad.

Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger's budget request calls for a 10 percent increase in military authorizations (commitments for future spending), to $313.7 billion in fiscal 1986, compared with $284.7 billion in 1985. Outlays (the amount the Pentagon will actually spend) will rise even more, from $246.3 billion to $277.5 billion. The report projects further increases in budget authority: $354 billion in fiscal 1987; $402 billion in 1988; $439 billion in 1989; $478 billion in 1990—a total of $1.99 trillion over the five-year period beginning October 1.

A significant portion of these funds would be used to augment America's strategic nuclear arsenal by acquiring the

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MX missile, the Trident submarine and Trident 2 D-5 missile, the B-1 bomber and several types of cruise missiles. But an ever-increasing portion would be set aside to develop more sophisticated weapons.

The budget proposal specifies $14.9 billion for development and procurement of the "big three" delivery systems. That figure includes $3.2 billion for forty-eight MX missiles, $2.7 billion for production of the Trident 2 missile, $1.6 billion for construction of the thirteenth Trident submarine and $5.6 billion for forty-eight B-1 bombers.

As for the next generation of nuclear weapons, the Defense Department requests an array of sophisticated arms and defense systems, including:

§ *Midgetman*, the "small" (less than fifteen tons), mobile-based single-warhead intercontinental ballistic missile. Because of its mobility the Midgetman is supposed to be able to survive a Soviet nuclear attack better than America's silo-based ICBMs, while possessing the same accuracy and destructive force. Some $625 million is earmarked for developing the Midgetman in 1986, a 35 percent increase from 1985.

§ *Advanced Technology Bomber (ATB)*, the successor to the B-1 which will use "stealth" technology to penetrate Soviet air defenses. The projected cost is classified, but Pentagon watchers suggest it is upward of $1 billion.

§ *Advanced Cruise Missile (ACM)*, a stealth version of the air-launched cruise missile now deployed on B-52 bombers. Built of radar-resistant material and equipped with electronic countermeasure devices, the ACM, like the ATB, will theoretically be able to penetrate Soviet air space undetected. No figure is given on the amount to be spent on the ACM, but as in the case of the others, it will be considerable and will skyrocket at the production stage.

The report also calls for a substantial expansion of America's strategic command, control, communications and intelligence (C^3I) capabilities. Development and procurement of identifiable C^3I programs will amount to $2.5 billion—a 36 percent increase from 1985—while "black" (classified) programs will probably add several billion dollars. The Reagan Administration's plan to equip the armed forces to fight a protracted nuclear war is mainly responsible for this expansion. The plan requires that C^3I be able to survive multiple Soviet strikes and initiate and manage U.S. counterstrikes [see William Arkin and Peter Pringle, "C^3I: Command Post for Armageddon," *The Nation*, April 9, 1983].

Surpassing all those programs in potential cost and significance is the plan to deploy antimissile weapons in space—the Strategic Defense Initiative, or Star Wars program. In contrast to the grim tone of the rest of the report, this program is described in glowing language. "There is a brighter message," we are told. "The most prominent ray of hope is the promise of strategic defense."

Although Weinberger insists that the United States can develop a shield against incoming missiles that is 100 percent effective, the report acknowledges that many of the necessary components of such a capability are at the planning stage: "[A] range of promising technologies are being examined, but no single concept or technology has yet been identified as the best or most appropriate one."

Nevertheless, expenditures for the program will jump from $1.4 billion in 1985 to $3.7 billion in 1986, an increase of 164 percent. Those funds, the report notes, will be concentrated in five areas: directed-energy weapons; kinetic energy weapons; surveillance, target acquisition, tracking and kill assessment; strategic C^3I; and support systems. The report also calls for accelerated development of antisatellite weapons.

The section on Star Wars spends more time refuting the Administration's critics than making a coherent case for the system. In response to charges that the Soviet Union would be tempted to overwhelm an imperfect defense system with a massive missile attack, Weinberger asserts that even a partial screen would discourage an attack on the United States "because [it] would create many of the same uncertainties for Soviet planners that a fully deployed system would engender." On the charge that the Russians could eliminate those uncertainties by building more missiles, Weinberger is silent. Ultimately, the Star Wars argument turns on faith, not reason: "The Strategic Defense Initiative offers the world more hope than any concept developed since the nuclear era began. We owe it to ourselves and to the world to pursue it until it is achieved in full."

While Star Wars is regarded as a "ray of hope," arms control talks are portrayed as a murky, problematic endeavor with faint chance of success. Accusing the Russians of repeatedly violating past agreements, the report insists that future accords must be "precisely drafted, include effective verification provisions, and be complied with by all parties"—a stipulation that could be used to reject any proposal worked out at Geneva. Nor is the Administration prepared to curb its arms buildup to encourage flexibility at the bargaining table. We are told that no progress is possible in Geneva unless the United States maintains its "firm commitment to nuclear force modernization, to the continued development of an antisatellite (ASAT) capability, and to strategic defense."

As mentioned, the 1986 budget proposes spending an even greater amount on nonnuclear arms. Of the $313.7 billion in military authorizations requested by Weinberger, approximately $250 billion will be devoted to conventional forces and munitions. Highlights of that projected spending:

§ $2.3 billion for procurement of 840 M-1 Abrams tanks.
§ $1.4 billion for 144 AH-64 Apache attack helicopters.
§ $2.8 billion for construction of three CG-47 class missile cruisers.
§ $2.2 billion for forty-eight F-15 fighters.
§ $3.7 billion for 180 F-16s.
§ $2.8 billion for eighty-four F/A-18 Navy fighters.
§ $1.1 billion for forty-six AV-8B Harrier jump jets for the Marine Corps.

Additional billions are requested for procurement of upgraded missiles, bombs, torpedoes and support systems of all types.

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Although the bulk of the major procurement allocations is intended for basic combat systems like the M-1 tank and the F-16 fighter, three nonnuclear programs are singled out.

"E.T." Weapons for NATO. Just as the Defense Department is funding a new generation of advanced nuclear weapons, it is developing a family of high-technology conventional munitions. Known as E.T. weapons (for "emerging technologies"), they will employ computerized guidance systems and powerful new explosives to insure a high "probability of kill" per round of ammunition fired. Many will spread numerous lethal "bomblets," or submunitions—some with their own guidance systems—over a wide area. Of one such weapon, the Multiple-Launch Rocket System, the report says: "In less than a minute, a single launcher can fire 12 rockets beyond cannon range, covering an area the size of six football fields with approximately 7,700 grenade-like submunitions effective against both personnel and lightly armored targets." Such a salvo would have the destructive force of a small tactical nuclear shell [see Klare, "The Conventional Weapons Fallacy," *The Nation*, April 9, 1983].

Most of these high-tech weapons are slated to be deployed in Western Europe, where the North Atlantic Treaty Organization is under intense pressure to reduce its dependence on tactical nuclear weapons. Under the "deep strike" strategy adopted by the alliance last November, allied forces would use them at the onset of war to hit enemy troops and installations deep in Warsaw Pact territory.

"Emerging technologies are providing our land forces with radically new techniques for defeating armored attacks," the annual report notes. "Moving targets deep behind enemy lines will be located and tracked by long-range detection systems. . . . Targets will be attacked by aircraft and missiles delivering a variety of munitions, including terminally guided submunitions." The 1986 budget is reticent about how much will be spent on most of those programs, but it does specify $571 million for the Multiple-Launch Rocket System, $304 million for the Joint Surveillance and Target Attack Radar System (JSTARS) and $155 million for development of a supersmart standoff tactical missile.

Force Projection. At the opposite end of the technology spectrum are weapons and other equipment for combat units that would intervene in the Third World—what the Pentagon calls force projection assets. These include the Army's light infantry and airborne divisions, the Marine Corps's amphibious assault brigades, the Navy's battleships and carrier battle groups, and associated Air Force tactical units. They are intended for "rapid-response and forcible-entry operations worldwide." ("Forcible entry" is Pentagonese for a Grenada-style invasion.) Their mission is to protect American economic interests against political upheavals in areas of the world "gripped by instability that has created new opportunities for [enemy] exploitation." And since several such threats can arise simultaneously, U.S. strategy "dictates that we be able to conduct concurrent deployments to widely separated areas of the world."

To meet such far-flung obligations the 1986 budget calls for funding additional amphibious and light infantry units and for intercontinental airlift. Specifically the Administration requests: three new amphibious assault vessels (one LHD-1 class and two LSD-41s) which would cost $1.9 billion; a new light infantry division which would be based in Alaska; sixteen Lockheed C-5B jumbo transports (cost: $2.4 billion); twelve McDonnell-Douglas KC-10 tanker/transports ($519 million); and the development of the C-17 intercontinental transport ($454 million).

Special Operations Forces (SOF). The Administration also seeks to expand the Army's Special Forces (Green Berets), the Navy's SEAL commandos and the Air Force's Special Operations Wing. Such units are needed, according to the Defense Department, to train foreign military personnel in counterinsurgency techniques and to provide the United States with a capacity to engage in guerrilla war and other forms of low-level combat. "The high priority we have assigned to SOF revitalization," the Pentagon report notes, "reflects our recognition that low-level conflict, for which SOF are uniquely suited, poses the threat we are most likely to encounter through the end of this century."

Many of the special operations programs are classified. The Defense Department acknowledges only that it will activate another Special Forces group and another SEAL team by 1990, and will acquire a small fleet of MC-130H Combat Talon night-attack aircraft. The report says little about the likely deployment of such forces. It is, however, forthcoming about one potential battlefield, the Philippines. In a section on the military threat in Asia, it notes, "We . . . support the Philippines' intentions to improve its capabilities to combat an increasingly violent insurgency." Given that America's war in Vietnam was justified in this way, the mention of the Philippines—not found in earlier Pentagon reports—should be taken as an early warning. □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Spring Poetry Supplement

THE RAINMAKER

At first he relied upon rumor
to find work. Farmers and their wives
eager to enumerate the hardships
of others. Up North,
the corn was small as carrots.
Out West, wheat had burned.
Too often, though, such gossip
proved just a way of gloating
or simply defense of their own
stunted growth, and he learned,
like any rainmaker, to count
only on the sky—swift white wisps
clawed and batted by cat winds,
the lunacy of blue, suns drunk
on themselves and burning
for still more. These signs
now show the way. And before
horizons sizzle, before brown
crumpled plants appear along
the roadside, even before the taste
of dust, he knows what lies ahead.

Perched on the cracked gray planks
of his old wagon, he swirls
into a town, looking every inch
like a man who could work weather—
face deviled with arroyos, saltflats,
ruts, straw hair scoured white.
Hesitant, slow, a crowd
starts moving towards him,
pushed by desperation beyond
bashfulness or doubt—until
at last, their shuffling stops,
long thin fingers knot,
and huge eyes lock in stares.

Used to be he stuttered through
the speech, now he enters it
like sleep, describing his induction
into certain ancient rites, his
anointed role to serve
those cursed with drought.
Up goes a gleaming pitchfork,
thrust high above his head.
But no, my friends, he shouts.
This is not some common farm tool.
Behold the fabled *kaval*, conductor
of elements, wielder of winds.

If they'll just procure some
water, a cup or two of water,
water, something silver, a fistful
of dirt, he will loose its ancient
forces once again. Promises
of cumulous, white clouds clenching
into fists, and rain. Rain!

The ground to break forth
in wondrous abundance, unimaginable
lushness, seas of green . . . The moon,

only the moon, hears him
jingle away later, watches winds
gouge his face deeper
like the landscapes he seeks.
Back again on the cracked planks
of the wagon, he rides night
like a storm—hears the thumping
wheels as thunder, sees dust clouds
as moist mist, feels sweat
down his spine like a sudden spring
downpour. Above him, stars,
dreams which have been frozen.
Ahead, more of the same.
The rainmaker looks forward,
makes the lightning rip, moves on.

Paul Genega

OLD OFFENSE

It seems to me in retrospect
I held you as a charioteer
maneuvering his reins holds
the road flying past his wheels,
or as a youth cradling a fawn
lured to his moonlit lawn.
But I was neither racing toward
a shore in antiquity
nor trapping animals to appease
an adolescent's lust.
Another ancient hunger drove me
to seek you out where you, like I,
had come to find more than a
reflection in a stream,
though as capture no more solid in
the end. For, the instant that
you glimpse in someone else's
features a vision of yourself,
familiar but so far back
it does not come up before you
in a mirror, sight blurs,
the injured moment runs,
the flesh in your arms turns
from watery shimmer to stony
stare: and you let go
the damp head in your hands
as if you had transgressed,
had relived an old offense.

Arthur Gregor

BEFORE THEY WAKE

The early riser
who took his coffee outdoors
for an outside view
on his weathered frame house
leans knee-up against
the dry-stone wall
beside the garden path.
Not yet gone by, forty pink
candles, the October
asters shift and glow.
He reads, doesn't read; and will
soon fold the morning paper,
hoist up on haunches,
reach for the cool handle
of the heavy cup, noticing
small, hoarse bell strokes
when it slips and jars
on the flagstone;
so that one round
pawprint of velvet
grown fast attached
makes a brief green signal
as he glances down, crouched
over the gray slate
shot through with silver wires.
Then the milkglass air
will drain a step
lighter up the scale,
an entire staggering flight,
and blood pound black tympani
in the inner ear:
the fadeout colors,
stream of all that is
passing together with all
the tender, unquenchable—.
Damn. Stood up too fast.
But the strewn leaves focus,
the sprawling stalks
steady themselves; the sun
dims to bright again.
Open, dark, the screened
door's a dozen loping paces away.
Back in now, just to see?
Spurred to no purpose
but astride feeling
this age exactly;
and also with company
(hear them inside)
stirring, about to come down.

Alfred Corn

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JUNGLE TAXI

As though a yellow line were brushed
over the map of Yucatan, and rubber
turning on wet pavement beat out
Maya, Maya, not difficult,
not difficult to get through.

At this hour only trucks,
the zodiacal light fogged
by immense edifices going to ramify
into coconut, mahogany, rosewood, zapote.
But I can't make them out,
or the golden turkeys, the deer.

Because the window is smeared
with night, blindness that flattens
particulars into the simple labels I know
in this alien language—road, car, tree,
animal—as I lean against a strange man
in a nylon shirt green as limes
about to expose their greenness
in the easy turn to morning
only miles from now. Dawn

and the road shoots north
from Chetumal past Tulum, guavas,
tamarinds, something star-shaped
hanging from a single branch
in the speed of light that fruits
a confusion of jungle on each side.

And brakes at the Caribbean
where that unblemished skin
of ocean bestows something
I construe as order, apparent
as ripeness. Where we five emerge
like seeds from a pomegranate falling
to life on the jungle floor.

We circle one another, shaking
hands still strange after the night's
clasp, allow day to encase us
in the details of ourselves
as a ring details a coati's
eyes, black, eclipsing.

Nancy Esposito

DEMOLITION

Atop the roofless framework of a building
a demolition man swings his sledgehammer
at the chipped remains of plasterboard
and bricks beneath his feet.
He toes a narrow ledge four stories high
and sidesteps only when huge hunks of wall
collapse beneath him, falling to the street.

We sidewalk supervisors wonder how
he does this, careful not to undermine
his sole support, the spot he's standing on.
If we have stumbled into potholes,
he measures gain on a descending scale
and levels everything,
buoyed by his dark ambition.

James Reiss

ICARUS

The rumbling sky splinters with light.
Girls are dancing on the silver yacht.
A hot wind sweeps over the bay, from the island,
and slows the music blaring below deck.
The son of the famous architect has won another drinking bout.
He's eager to show the girls his new trick;
he straps on his waxed wings
and climbs to the crow's nest
and, arms outspread, eyes closed,
makes his leap for the sun:
the boiling waves swallow him with a hiss.
The girls fall down laughing
and the rough shore darkens with rain.
That night, in a foreign capital, the architect
cancels his engagements to design
an obelisk for his son's grave.
At the funeral, strangers offer their condolences
and the priests remind him that all men die happy.
He goes home and dreams himself lost
in the labyrinth that made him famous:
the iron corridors pounded into steel,
the sparking hoofs and thunderous breath,
the smoke that reeks of perfume . . .
He wakes in a cold sweat, a ball of string in his hands.
Maybe the priests were right.
Or maybe, in the end, fools like his son
chance on a kind of wisdom.
Coveting a final, futile gesture in order to cheat death.
One could do worse, the old man concludes, snuffing the light.
Much worse.

Nicholas Christopher

STONE POND

Driving over the limit
on a mountain road,
the mist rising, Stone Pond
white with ice and white mist
inside its circle
of birch and black fir:

driving home after
seeing friends, the radio
complicitous and loud,
Beethoven's braided musical line,
a sonata I recall
playing well:

passing the tiny houses
on the hillside, woodsmoke
rising among the budded trees,
then passing within inches
of someone's yard: I circle
Stone Pond, and despair

seems like something I can set aside.
The road bends again, the morning
burns through the mist.
Sufficient joy—
what should I have done to make it last?

Ellen Bryant Voigt

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SOPHRONIA AND THE WILD TURKEY

We keep no chickens: my mother fears
that they will fly against the windows
the way they fly against the windshields of cars
that graze the highway shoulder.
So there is no need for a rooster—
the dark rainbowed feathers of oil on water—
or time, its announcement cleared
from the throat of a rooster. . . .

Then Sophronia comes walking down the road
from her house to ours, sometimes
one way, sometimes the other,
past the japonicas with a turkey that follows
her from the wild,
and my grandmother is alive for the occasion,
the two of them sitting under the morning glories,
open like a showroom of Victrolas.
Dance, Tom Turkey, dance,
and the turkey struts in the dust
while the rocking chairs sail onward,
and my grandfather is killed in an explosion,
rocketing into the universe ahead of his time,
and my father tells my mother
that the wild turkey is a stupid bird,
the chicks drowning in the rainfall
from looking upward,
and that Sophronia will be happy all her days
in a house papered with Sunday papers,
where the Katzenjammer kids have at it,
and someone on the wall by the stove
smiles as he offers her a Lucky Strike.

Susan Prospere

GALE MEADOWS

Black ice, and the word is out
the pond is fit
for skating though water still slips
along the edges and deep under you can hear it
roiling to the sluice gate
trying to catch up to the river.
No one remembers anymore
when it was a meadow
not your father's father who fished it
nor his father, only the water, wanting out.
Hauled ashore, a few boats wait
for spring and one, taken by surprise is frozen
like a fossil at the edge. We lace our skates.
Like water striders we set out
for the center, the way
we would canoe
out past the island, past the bend
into the wind that will push us home
if we return from this death defying stunt
walking on water. Those who stay behind
build a fire on the ice
as they have done for centuries.

Florence Grossman

THE CHERRY BLOSSOMS AT MITSUBISHI

It wasn't so nice this year.
On the train to Osaka,
some trees of a dirty pink
were propped by a riverbank,

a crop of feather-dusters.
The day was blue, except for
a gray-around-the-collar
industrial horizon.

In the streets, the season's noise:
from election trucks the same
man's name blared over and over—
and years of the cherry's praise

in poems that like blossoms fell
once, quietly, down the page
were drowned in a wash of talk.
When it rained later that week,

and the blossoms scattered, damp
on each surface like a stamp
you can only affix once,
I was on my way to work

near Mitsubishi Motors
and watched a woman back out
of the petal-littered lot
reserved for company cars.

Was she in a hurry? Bored?
Windshield flower-encrusted,
blindly she turned a corner
and entered the spring parade

as if, an aging beauty
assigned to the final float,
she'd show how the world itself
grows less notable yearly.

Mary Jo Salter

HOW HIS VIGILANCE BECAME THE NIGHT

Comes to him like a sparrow,
misdirected, beating at the window
and the light he shelters within:
bird or cry of Absalom
near the city gate, his heart flown
from the nearest town. *Light snow flurries*
throughout the state and again tonight
the grace of home, his hands unlovely,
and the kitchen cold as the sparrow's breast
for surely tonight it will freeze:
wings brittle, angry body stiff,
eyes wide and hard on the sun
as Absalom saw light sift
through the olive tree which tangled
and caught his hair. His father's men
like hounds, *cold tomorrow*
travellers' warnings for the West and South.
Still at the window, obsessed,
it is like any other. For his Absalom, wept.

Terry Travis

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THEATER.

PAUL BERMAN

Pack of Lies

During the summer of 1950, when Julius and Ethel Rosenberg were arrested, a number of people mysteriously disappeared from their homes. It was recently reported that two of those people, Al Sarant and Joel Barr, made their way to the Soviet Union and prospered there in the defense industry. Another two, Morris and Lona Cohen, turned up in England some years later under the names Peter and Helen Kroger. The Krogers, who ran a mail-order book business specializing in volumes on, among other subjects, torture and sadomasochism, did not prosper. In 1961 they were arrested as Soviet espionage agents and sentenced to twenty years. Later they were released to the Soviet Union in a prisoner exchange and today are said to live in Krakow, Poland.

Hugh Whitemore's West End drama about the Cohen-Krogers, *Pack of Lies*, opened on Broadway last month. The play tells the story of their arrest from the point of view of their close friends and neighbors the Jacksons. The Jacksons, who knew nothing about espionage, were approached by Scotland Yard. An agent wanted to post a police surveillance team in their upstairs window for two days. The Jacksons had no idea their friends were to be surveilled, and assented. But the days stretched into weeks and the Jacksons eventually realized what was afoot, which is to say, they found themselves collaborating deeply in the ruin of their friends. It was a nasty situation, and the nastiness raises a question which anyone who attends the play will spend the evening mulling: Is it ever right to betray one's friends, as these people did, in the name of duty to the state or to some high cause?

The line that naturally comes to mind in this connection is E.M. Forster's "If I had to choose between betraying my country and betraying my friend, I hope I should have the guts to betray my country." That line has a nice ring. It cuts through a lot of pious cant about service to country. But as a general proposition on betrayal, it is, to anyone not an aristocrat or a Mafioso, unacceptable. Aristocrats and Mafiosi regard personal ties as the loftiest and most exclusionary of principles, which is why betrayal of country or any other object of higher loyalty comes easy to them. The rest of us think there's more to life than the well-being of one's little social group. Our loyalties are broader, and since loyalties sometimes conflict, we know that in certain extreme circumstances personal betrayals are unavoidable.

The point has often been made on stage. The doctrine of moral relativity—the idea that moral commitments are never absolute (except rhetorically) but always depend in the last analysis on circumstances—was for many years a favorite theatrical theme, especially among left-wing playwrights. Bertolt Brecht used it in *The Measures Taken*, where he showed that the earnest young comrade must be cruelly betrayed in the higher interest of the Chinese Revolution. Clifford Odets did something similar in *Till the Day I Die*, where the fine young husband must be falsely denounced and driven to his death in the interest of the anti-Nazi resistance. Likewise Lillian Hellman in *Watch on the Rhine*. These plays are, it's true, faintly malodorous in retrospect. They were written during the age of Stalin, and they show it. A reverence for people who sacrifice personal morality to the higher cause was a peculiarly strong feature of Stalinist ethics, and it was no coincidence that so many playwrights reached for this theme. One might even describe the plays I've cited as morality tales for a movement devoted to amorality. But that's a historical note. Brushing history aside, considering merely what the plays show on stage, the argument they make is unimpeachable.

What, then, are the circumstances that can justify personal betrayal? Brecht, Odets and Hellman supply an adequate answer. Betrayal requires two conditions to be justified. The first touches the outside world. There must be an extreme social crisis. All of society must totter on the edge of calamity, in such a way that a personal betrayal will provide some crucial measure of salvation. The second condition touches the betrayer's inner thoughts. His eyes must be open: blind stabs can never be justified morally, even if for some reason they accomplish a useful task. A justified betrayer must recognize the enormity of the social crisis; his political understanding must be large. And he must recognize the enormity of his betrayal; his moral understanding must be equal-

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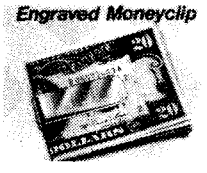
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ly large. He must recognize that he himself, having violated simple laws of decency, will never be the same. Some element of his integrity or innocence will be forever lost, and a stink from the crime will forever cling to him. He must accept this consciously. He must, in short, be a great person, equal to the tragedies that history imposes. If he is anything less than great, if in any way his understanding and motives prove less than exemplary, then his act will be repulsive, and nothing but repulsive.

Now to the stage at the Royale Theatre. It's easy to see what would be required if the Jacksons' betrayal of the Krogers were in any respect to be justified. We would want to see the Jacksons thinking the situation through, not merely stumbling into collaboration with Scotland Yard. We could hardly respect them if their motive was merely obedience to the state or patriotic habit. We would want to be impressed by their analysis of the Soviet danger. We would want them to assure themselves and us that they could halt an extraordinarily dangerous turn in Soviet-British relations. We would want to be convinced, in brief, that circumstances in the outside world were so extreme as to mandate a violation of normal decency, and that the Jacksons understood these circumstances. And we would want to see that the Jacksons grasped the awfulness of their action. They would have to show personal greatness in sacrificing both their friends and their own integrity. If we couldn't see this, we could hardly sympathize.

The Jacksons in *Pack of Lies* are hardly great, and Whitemore didn't mean to make them so. He meant to show that they were victims of police manipulation or perhaps that fate is unkind. The smooth-talking police official manages to get them to avoid questioning what they are doing for weeks on end. The political issues—whether danger comes more from Scotland Yard or from Soviet spies, the duty of standing by the state versus the duty of not standing by the state—are never discussed, or only perfunctorily so. The question of whether the Jacksons are uniquely required to betray their friends—couldn't someone else's upstairs window be used, or can't the police just go and arrest the Krogers without forcing the Jacksons into a vile dilemma?—is hardly dealt with, then only by Scotland Yard's giving its word. Gradually Mrs. Jackson does grasp the repugnant aspect of betraying her friends and begins to feel sick about it. Chitchat between her and Mrs. Kroger becomes uncomfortable, then unbearable. But the die is cast. What you are meant to feel by the end of the play, I think, is empathy for Mrs. Jackson, who has been so cruelly used by Scotland Yard, and indignation that the police would do such things—even if such things were unavoidable.

But what kind of person could respond this way? My indignation was at the Jacksons. They don't have to submit. They could throw the police out and inform their friends; or they could think the cold war through and embrace patriotic duty with a full sense of the accompanying tragedy. They could act; but they don't act, they temporize; and since temporizing means mindless betrayal of friends through obedience to the state, they emerge as repulsive from the start, far more repulsive than Whitemore seems to know. He seems to think the situation is ambiguous—when it's merely complicated. As for shifting blame to the police, this strikes me as a kind of cowardice. Police are always heartless. That doesn't excuse anyone.

Whitemore does no better with the Krogers. These people live a life of betrayal. They betray Britain to the Soviet Union, and in a fashion they betray the Jacksons, as Mrs. Jackson observes, since the Jacksons would never have struck up a neighborly intimacy if they'd known about the radio transmitter in the basement and what was happening to British submarine secrets there. What, then, are the moral parameters from the Krogers' point of view? Surely these people claim a justification. Their motive might be deep sympathy with the victims of economic exploitation, which might impel them to serve the Soviet Union, thinking that Soviet communism represents justice. The motive might be fear of the K.G.B. Having worked for the K.G.B. before, in America, they might now find a K.G.B. gun to their heads and have to dance as they are told. The play in fact cites both motives. But it never evokes the appropriate feelings. You don't tremble with fear for the Krogers, nor do you tremble with solidarity for the Soviet Union. You merely watch these motives get pushed around like pieces on a chessboard. The whole point about complicated questions of loyalty and betrayal is that one must understand through the heart. But the heart in *Pack of Lies* isn't big enough to take in the Krogers. So the Krogers, too, emerge as cheap people, engaged in large betrayals without adequate justification and without sufficient understanding from the playwright.

What is it about these espionage cases of a generation ago that brings out the smallness in people, the shying away from truth? The early cold war period was a small, cursed era. *Pack of Lies* was written with decent intentions but manages only to be faithful to that small, cursed quality. The Kroger case was a footnote to the Rosenberg case, and the Kroger play turns out to be almost a footnote to the Rosenberg debate—almost as mean, almost as nasty.

As for the production of *Pack of Lies*: Rosemary Harris and George N. Martin make a very fine Mrs. and Mr. Jackson, especially Harris in her frumpy, slightly addled way. Patrick McGoohan makes a superslick police official. But Dana Ivey and Colin Fox are disasters as the Krogers. The real Mrs. Kroger was a Polish immigrant who grew up in upstate New York. The real Mr. Kroger grew up as Morris Cohen in the Bronx, went to James Monroe High School, was an idealist, fought in the Lincoln Brigade in the Spanish Civil War, taught in the New York City public schools. He came, that is, from the sort of 1930s left-wing New York Jewish background that produced a famous cluster of Soviet agents. This background Ivey and Fox evoke not a bit, which makes the Krogers unintelligible. The fault isn't only theirs and the director's (Clifford Williams); it is Whitemore's, too. And what an unfortunate flaw it is. For a play that could explain why people like the Krogers might have wanted to support the Soviets, and how they might have got involved in espionage, and been caught, and ruined their lives serving a Soviet tyranny that was nothing like the vision of social justice they started out to serve, how the betrayers were betrayed, and how not only they but the people around them were destroyed in the aftermath of those benighted decisions and events—*that* would be a play. Audiences would flock to a work like that.

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The balconies would fill with people weeping their eyes out and thinking hard thoughts—not softheaded easy ones—about morality and treachery. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Henri Rousseau

Of the many interesting facts to be gleaned from the catalogue for the exhibition of Henri Rousseau's paintings at the Museum of Modern Art through June 4, I found none more illuminating than Picasso's claim to have painted "The Sleeping Gypsy" himself. As nothing Picasso said about painting was ever less than profound, and as the authenticity of the painting is not in question, it is clear that some deeper truth was intended. With equal justification Picasso could have claimed that it was he who made those legendary African carvings photographed in his studio. Art historians are obsessed with tracking influences—for example, of Rousseau and primitive sculpture on Picasso—but Picasso was implying a deeper structure of historical consciousness, namely that it is we who constitute our pasts. It was precisely Picasso's use of primitive forms, proportions and motifs that transformed those fetishes from objects of ethnological or merely esthetic interest and made them part of the history of modern art. By claiming them artistically, Picasso released an artistic energy up to then unavailable in those figures. And it is something like that relationship that constitutes the truth in his otherwise extravagantly false claim to authorship of Rousseau's painting. Until Rousseau was acclaimed a master by those who saw him as their predecessor, he was a curiosity of *fin de siècle* bohemia. It took Cubism and Surrealism to awaken structures in Rousseau's work that had to have been invisible to his contemporaries and very probably to himself. The slumbering forms in "The Sleeping Gypsy" yield a parable for the philosophy of art history which it was Picasso's genius to articulate.

The mandolin, lying beside the gypsy, had to have looked awkward until a new vision of the way objects define space made it seem powerful and intense. The gypsy, seen from above, being nosed by a lion, seen in profile, had to have been considered primitive until a reinvention of pictorial space redeemed its visual authenticity. Looking down, or nearly looking down, as we do, on the gypsy, we see her as the lion must see her. The vulnerability of sleep is augmented by the vulnerability conferred by the angle from which she is viewed: the angle of an intruder, before whom she is helpless. Looking slightly up and sideways, we see the lion as the gypsy would see him, were she to awaken. The painting is the intersection of two dimensions of perception that define the space of a dream: we see the dreamer from without and the world of the dreamer from within. Peace and panic coexist within a single frame. Who in the nineteenth century but Rousseau could have achieved anything remotely like this? (The painting is dated 1897.) Painting had to be taken apart and put together in a novel way before this work could be understood. In its classical phase the Museum of Modern Art contained the two great paradigms of what it meant for art to be "modern," "The Sleeping Gypsy" and "Guernica." The discoveries that made the latter possible unlock the structures in the former.

Rousseau had to work hard to look naïve. Nothing in the show is more instructive than the juxtaposition of his studies for paintings with the finished works. In a different period of art, when the energies of the loaded brush would be prized, when virtuosity would consist in defining a single form with a single stroke, these studies would have been considered achieved works.

Had the wonderful "Study for a View of Malakoff" (an industrial *banlieue* south of Paris) been painted in New York in the late 1940s, it would have been a finished work of unmistakable authority. Even in 1908, when the study was painted, it could have been shown with the Fauves and been striking for its restrained tonalities. All this bravura is submerged in the finished "View of Malakoff" in favor of hard-edged forms in paradoxical relationships to one another. We see the figure in the foreground, a woman with a wide hat and a parasol, from above, from an angle that truncates her. The telegraph poles behind her are seen from below, giving them a height, as it were, stolen from her. The figures in the same plane as the poles are minuscule: I measure the poles as thirteen times as tall as a coplanar human being. They

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would have to be seventy-odd feet were they realistically represented, but it is plain that they are not. Rousseau is exalting the telegraph. The choices of point of view and proportion are intended, and what he wanted to say about these technological intruders in the suburban landscape could not have been said with correct perspective and orderly spatial recessions.

For confirmation of this, consider the great "Myself, Portrait-Landscape," the first picture you see as you enter the exhibition. Rousseau has painted himself as an artist—as *artiste-peintre*. Studied from the bias of naturalistic representation, the work is charmingly inept. His own figure, clearly painted from a photograph, does not stand firmly on the ground but seems to hover, like the balloon we see over his left shoulder. It is all out of scale with the tiny couple strolling on the *quai*, even with the ship gaily at anchor beside it: Rousseau dominates by his height as the Eiffel Tower, seen over his right shoulder, dominates the rooftops. (The Eiffel Tower was built in 1889, the year before the self-portrait was made.) It would be easy to rationalize the discrepancies in magnitude and location as the result of naïveté, just as it would be silly to pretend there is no naïveté here at all. But it is a naïveté of attitude, rather than execution; the execution is masterful. This is a painting of himself as artist, to be sure, but also a representation of artist as colossus, dwarfing the ordinary figures and objects put into the landscape to underscore the allegorical dimension of the artist hero. It is not that he does not know how to plant feet on solid ground, but that the personage of the artist is encapsulated in a space of his own, like a saint in a painting from the fourteenth century. He bears the emblems of his calling—beret, palette, brush—with the ferocity of moral ownership with which the saint grasps the instruments of his martyrdom. So, too, the artist wears the emblems of his recognition—the black suit and boiled shirtfront of the official reception and the rosette of the Legion of Honor—as the saint wears the aureole of heavenly acknowledgment. The exalted view of the artist is romantically naïve, but the presentation of the artist as higher being could not be more authentic.

To find the pictorial equivalents to Rousseau, we must go very far back in art history, to the time of the Orcagna—Andrea and his brothers, especially Nardo di Cione—who worked in Florence in the fourteenth century, just after the Black Death. The art historian Millard Miess has shown how painters there and in Siena responded to that devastating epidemic. Characteristically they perceived it as a punishment for the sin of arrogance, for the hubris of paintings in which holy persons were depicted as though merely human. Giotto, whose representational discoveries were responsible for this "arrogance," was repudiated by the Orcagna, who began to paint saints and humans so deeply disproportionate that they could not even occupy the same space. The disproportion between sainted and ordinary beings in the Strozzi altarpiece is of a kind with the disproportions in Rousseau's self-portrait. Before their deviation, the Orcagna had been masters of naturalism, while Rousseau was never a master of the sort of naturalistic depiction that more or less defines the history of Western painting after the brief departure that followed the Black Death. Giorgio Vasari defines art as the systematic conquest of the appearances of things, and painterly success up to Rousseau's time consisted in presenting the eye with an array of stimuli as identical as possible to those with which the real world would present it. The strategies for achieving this took a very long time to discover, as Ernst Gombrich has tirelessly demonstrated, but once discovered, they are not difficult to learn. Rousseau could have learned them as easily as anyone, had they been pertinent to his artistic project. Clearly they were not. Clearly, he had something altogether different in mind.

This is not to say that what he had in mind was entirely clear to him. Very likely it was not, for painting had not evolved sufficiently to make his project intelligible, so it had to be understood in the terms that were available. This required that he be pushed to the peripheries of the art world as a kind of eccentric, as a kind of court fool. He showed almost every year at the Salon des Indépendents, and surely part of the motive for visiting this open and egalitarian show was to see, every year, what this improbable, laughable man was up to. It is difficult for me to regard the words of praise that have come down to us as anything but irony of the sort the French particularly enjoy. It must have been high, cruel entertainment, like those concerts given by a deluded singer, rich enough to hire Carnegie Hall and bad enough to fill it with people who will call for encore after encore for the pleasure of watching him make a fool of himself. The seriousness with which Rousseau took himself simply heightened the merriment. It was only when Picasso began to paint them that the stature of Rousseau's masterpieces became visible. Rousseau had to be innocent, since what was required for him to be sophisticated lay in the future and was historically inaccessible.

The earliest painting in the show, of a radiant black couple, in carnival dress, alone under moonlight in a delicate wood, is dated 1886. Symmetry really requires it to have been done in 1885, so that this could be a centenary celebration of a genius who demands that we rethink the logic of art history and the nature of painting, and who so longed for this sort of official recognition. It is the first such exhibition of Rousseau's work ever mounted (it comes to us from the Grand Palais in Paris), and with it MOMA reclaims some of its tarnished luster. It is a gift to the art world to have so much brilliant innocence in its midst for the next months. With the Age of Caravaggio at the Met and Kandinsky in Paris at the Guggenheim, this is a blessed season. □

MUSIC.

DAVE MARSH

When the Jacksons' Victory Tour opened last July 6 at Kansas City's Arrowhead Stadium, you could hardly miss the lusty odor of journalists hunting in a pack. While the press, some 200 or so strong, awaited an epochal performance by Michael Jackson, the crowd was abuzz with other concerns: Would Eddie Van Halen appear? Diana Ross? Mick Jagger?

We savvy media types knew better. But in retrospect, the crowd's expectations revealed something about the essential nature of Victory and about the whole Michael Jackson phenomenon. The truth about the Victory Tour is that its main event was an afterthought in the public ritual of the coronation and decapitation of Michael

Dave Marsh is at work on a book about Michael Jackson.

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Jackson. What's not so obvious is that Victory's failure was the mirror image of *Thriller*'s success.

Michael Jackson became so popular (*Thriller* sold more than 20 million copies in the United States alone) through his appeal to the widest possible audience: rich, poor, old, young, female, male, gay, straight, black, white. *Thriller* seemed to erase the color lines and demographic barriers that had been almost effortlessly re-established in the music industry after the 1960s. In this regard, Jackson seemed to be living proof that, in some sense, the system worked. As it turned out, that was just the problem. *Thriller* had become the musical equivalent of McDonald's; all it lacked was one of those 50 Billion Sold signs above it in the record racks.

Like Ray Kroc before him, Jackson's goal in making *Thriller* was to create a product no one could deny. To say that his motive was therefore financial is to belittle it. Jackson wanted to be The Biggest Ever; making millions of dollars or creating great music or unifying disparate audiences in a way no one had since Elvis Presley were simply necessary byproducts of that ambition. That's why he says that his proudest achievement is seeing *Thriller* entered as the biggest-selling album in history in *The Guinness Book of World Records*.

But almost everything about Victory worked to undo his accomplishment. To begin with, the Jacksons drew an unusual audience for a rock act (particularly for a black rock act). It's been said that most of the ticket buyers were unlikely ever to have attended another rock show, but that's not quite true. The type of consumer who patronized the Jacksons also attends the Rolling Stones' triennial American concerts, and for identical reasons. Such consumers (sometimes called yuppies) attend all great public spectacles. They are a natural extension of the audience that greeted Jackson in the Rose Garden of the White House last spring, when he accepted an award from President Reagan. There, row after row of white professionals dandled children and grandchildren on their laps and applauded politely. Through the windows behind the podium, the black faces of White House servants could be glimpsed. In every way, this was a perfect model for the Victory Tour, where the audience was at least 90 percent white and close to 100 percent middle class, even though the Jacksons are black and much of their record-buying public is both black and poor.

It wasn't hard to see this coming. By insisting on size rather than quality as the measure of his achievements, Jackson created a situation in which a single slip could undo everything. The moment Michael was no longer Biggest, he could no longer be Best. Touring in the summer of 1984 at the same time as Bruce Springsteen and Prince, two of the most imaginative performers in rock history, Michael barely had a chance, especially since he was saddled with a group composed of his less talented brothers, whose first priority was a big financial score. The unprecedented $30 ticket price was only an exaggerated example of the basic size-before-quality orientation.

Was there a good reason for Michael Jackson to do a concert tour in 1984? Only if the show somehow consolidated his victory over the divisions of rich and poor, black and white, which had made *Thriller* so successful. He could have made the tour an artistic extension of Jesse Jackson's Rainbow Coalition by involving community groups and national issues, while still making lots of money for his brothers, parents and favorite charities. (Michael is giving away his share of the money earned on the tour—something like $5 million if he wins the several lawsuits pending from it.) But the only way to accomplish such a tour would have been to attract an audience as diverse as his record buyers and, once they were gathered, speak to them with some sort of clear message about why they were there or what it meant.

Instead, the Jacksons and promoter Chuck Sullivan conveyed their fear of a crowd composed of the same mix of people who bought *Thriller*, and not without reason. In 1981, the Jacksons' concerts were marred by violence, even though at the time they were playing to a virtually all-black audience. And after the Diana Ross debacle in Central Park, everybody in show business is wary of bringing middle-class audiences into direct contact with disenfranchised urbanites.

Those memories were undoubtedly responsible for the apprehension expressed by music industry pros before the tour started. But who would have guessed the lengths to which the Jacksons would go to avoid the *Thriller* audience? They played most of their gigs in suburban stadiums utterly inaccessible by public transportation, and on their rare forays into the cities, they were guarded by massive numbers of cops. (New York marshaled a thousand police and sealed off all of midtown on the West Side during the Madison Square Garden shows.)

In any event, the Jacksons preferred playing to an elite. One motive for setting the ticket price at $30 was that it would keep out the "undesirable element" (to use James Watt's phrase) of their audience. That was also a factor in the original decision to sell tickets only through a national mail-order lottery. Tickets could then be sent specifically to orders emanating from respectable or upscale ZIP codes.

There was at least one solid mercantile reason for such selection: patrons from more affluent ZIPs would presumably spend more on tour T-shirts ($12 to $20), programs ($10) and other high-profit concession items. But ZIP-sorting the orders also effectively controlled the social composition of the audience.

Later, for the sake of public relations, efficiency and necessity, tickets began to be sold over the counter and through Ticketron. But similar rules continued to apply: the ticket price was the most effective means of restricting admission, but the upscale areas in which most Ticketron outlets are located also helped. (Given the lack of black faces even at the Garden shows, it would be interesting to know if Ticketron can be programmed to make some of its locations more equal than others, thus insuring the primacy of desirable ZIP codes without the encumbrance of the Postal Service.)

Ultimately, the exclusionary tactics were ruinous. There weren't enough yuppies in places like Buffalo and Jacksonville, Florida, to fill huge stadiums for multiple dates. But by the time that realization sank in, the tour's image and attitude were already cast. The ticket price never came down, and the tour never recovered.

The Jacksons paid another price for the crowds they selected. Since the yuppies had achieved their goal by getting their seats, they didn't bother to respond to the concert. A great rock concert is in an important way distinguished by the reaction of its audience, and to maintain his stature as pop music's king, Michael Jackson needed to inspire his listeners to some sort of frenzy. Instead, he got sporadic cheers, but nothing to match the concussive power of his own

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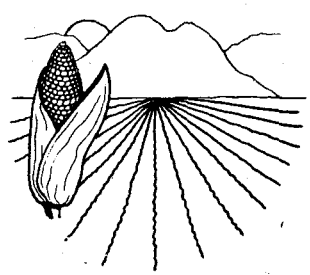

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smoke bombs. Even during the final number, the all-but-irresistible "Shake Your Body (Down to the Ground)," the audience hardly moved.

Trained by Motown to be polite, readied for a career in Vegas and on TV shows, where the audience always does what it's supposed to, the Jacksons had no way of coping with such passivity. Their occasional exhortatory whoops were so clearly regimented that they had no credibility. I saw three shows running, so I *know* that Tito importuned the crowd at exactly the same point with precisely the same words every night, but anybody sitting there even once would have guessed as much.

The mutual immobilization of audience and performers was epitomized by the first show of the final weekend, at Dodger Stadium in Los Angeles, which took place in a drizzle that steadily grew into a downpour. Michael and his brothers played on, protected by the roof over the stage, singing the same songs, mouthing the same phrases in the same places as on every other night. People holding tightly to umbrellas were urged to clap; consumers whose socks squished were implored to dance. Not one Jackson offered a word of sympathy to the crowd that damp night, nor any thanks for their standing so long in the wet.

Less a concert than a TV show, the entire context of the Victory spectacle made interaction irrelevant. Michael played to the cameras that projected his image on huge screens above and at the sides of the stage; the crowd responded to shots of his grimacing face or skedaddling feet rather than to the overall scene onstage, which could hardly be seen from most seats.

Each evening during "She's Out of My Life," Michael asked, "Can I come down there?" The crowd responded and roadies wheeled out a movable staircase. He stepped onto it, then sat down, lay on his back and sang. Rising, he descended three or four steps, then, at the point of closest contact with his listeners, turned and sang straight into the camera. This was the closest he came to the audience, and it was the closest he wanted to come.

But without any means of reducing the distance between him and his patrons, Jackson was inevitably compared unfavorably not only with other performers but with his own previous accomplishments and reputation. The musical content of the Victory tour was

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a rehash of *Thriller*, supplemented by songs the group has done for five to fifteen years, and sometimes done better. The choreography was at first prepossessing, but after fifteen minutes, Jackson's stock of new moves was exhausted and you realized that what makes his dancing exciting is speed and dexterity, not imagination. As a vocalist, he's confronted with the insurmountable irony of being most appreciated for his dance numbers but best equipped to sing ballads. The highlights of the show were slow, treacly songs like "I'll Be There," "Human Nature" and "She's Out of My Life." Maudlin as they were, these songs were enchanting just for the syrupy conviction with which he put them over. Of the fast songs, not one sounded any better than on record.

But even as a balladeer, Jackson undid himself. At the end of "I'll Be There," he began to append some gospel ruminations, a tactic picked up from watching videotapes of Mahalia Jackson. Michael had gained a reputation as a great singing mimic while still on the chitlin circuit, and here he justified it. He didn't have Mahalia's range, but anyone who ever heard her sing would recognize her accents, intonations, breathing, introjections—every groan and nuance mastered and expressed with redoubtable self-assurance.

The first time through this was pleasing, even mind-boggling, not an imitation so much as a rite of possession. But on the second night and the third, as Michael went through the same phrases in the same order, even someone predisposed to hope that he'd salvage a little glory from the tour had to face facts. Such a rote display was a gimmick, more an insult than an homage. It made a travesty of Mahalia Jackson's great improvisatory gifts, and reminded me of the essence of Michael Jackson's career to date: great talent gone to waste because of a failure to understand the difference between the artistic and the mechanical. □

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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 2047

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O	U	T	O	F	L	U	C	K	■	T	O	Q	U	E
F	■	I	■	E	■	N	■	U	■	O	■	U	■	N
F	L	E	E	C	E	D	■	M	O	R	D	A	N	T
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E	G	O	T	I	S	T	■	A	S	P	I	R	I	N
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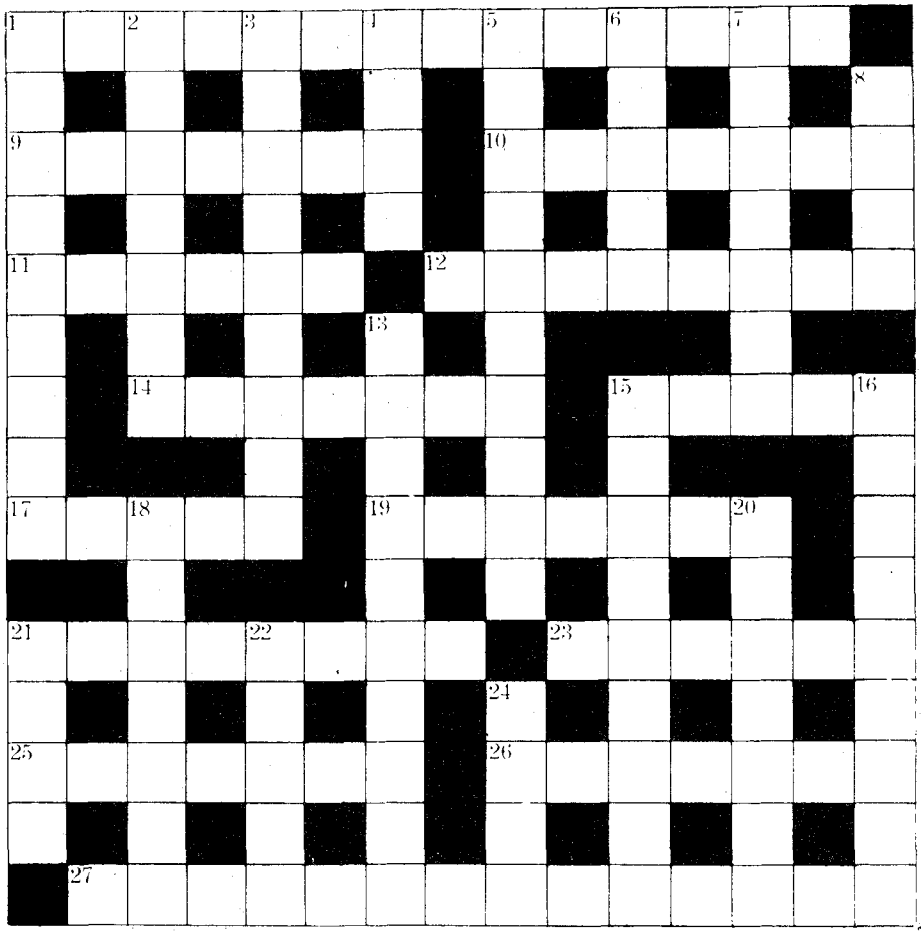
Crossword Puzzle No. 2048

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 See 16 down
9 You might need different routers to design such, being usually a part of a pair. (7)
10 Having the form of a ring, it vaguely suggests a yearly event—but that would be wrong. (7)
11 Whittier said one of these rides on his raids no more. (6)
12 It's O.K.—obviously no one is left! (3,5)
14 A variety of vegetable, in total, that could help vegetables grow. (7)
15 Both the cow and the window do—so give! (5)
17 Pets, as they used to say? One might be great in New York! (5)
19 Ascertain the quantity of a given consitutent by figuring the percentage of little birds present? (7)
21 See 16 down
23 Controls the direction of animals. (6)
25 In a classical manner, look out! A human being is one somewhat less than civilized! (7)
26 In California, you have a crippled prosecuter like this. (7)
27 One might consider it central, and sent beyond common experience. (14)

DOWN

1 The time of Hemingway's death. (9)
2 Humor's somewhat strange around the capital of Belgium, but you might find it in good shape. (7)
3 Future fliers, but you might make them sling nets this way. (9)
4 All this? That's what some listeners are said to be. (4)
5 Steady companion, or just another horse? (6,4)
6 As they say, you may have to take care of this man several times a day. (One can't have dinner without such!) (5)
7 One might put much before it, if thankful. (7)
8 What a fussy person might do with a violin or banjo, in part. (4)
13 On a slightly smaller scale, locked up with a restorative? (10)
15 Specific food one might need for the ride? (5,4)
16, 21 across and 1 across A question of disposal of tar, if one is high? (Not too late in the day, of course!) (4,5,2,2,4,1,7,6)
18 What a bounder to swear like this! (Not just any body!) (7)
20 Earth, water, air or fire—or just like something O represents. (7)
21 In Texas, one might expect to find a cow running wild! (4)
22 She obviously has morning get-up, and beat everyone around it. (5)
24 It's a lot of water—or at least water might be in it. (Chief strength, too!) (4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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